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LANCASHIRE.

A FAINT streak of light is beginning to dawn upon the real state of Lancashire, and upon the mode in which its calamities are to be dealt with. We see a glimmering of dawn, and are not altogether left to the horrible twilight of random assertions, impossible plans, and feverish, babyish benevolence. We can get a tolerably distinct notion of the general condition of the poor, and of the prospect before them, and of what is being done now, and ought to be done in the next few weeks. The mist of exaggeration is rolling away, and we can set a calmer and clearer picture before our eyes. In the first place, the poor are not starving in Lancashire. They are suffering great privations, and go through much bodily and mental misery; but they are not starving, in the sense in which the Irish and the Hindoos starved. They are, we may say, if we look at them as a whole, reduced pretty nearly to the condition of the agricultural poor in those counties where labour is most lowly paid. They want clothing more than the ordinary families in the agricultural counties do; and they are quite new to the hard fare and precarious nourishment which custom has made sweet, and not wholly insufficient, for the people whose lot it is to have been born in the poor cottages of a remote village of the South. There is no traceable increase of disease distinctly attributable to want, unless, perhaps, in one or two places. It is exceedingly sad that men and women who were, a year ago, good rent-payers, saving, self-respecting, comfortable, caring for the mind as well as the body, should now be reduced to the condition of our agricultural poor—that they should have to endure the fatigues of idleness, and to eat the bread of charity. But when we talk of their distress, it is right we should understand exactly what is meant. Their starvation is a most sad thing; but it is starvation in the sense in which we talk of a curate starving on 100*l.* a-year. We mean that there is a pitiable contrast between the man's fair claims and his actual condition; we do not mean that he does not get enough food to sustain life. The rates may not be thought high enough, or the manufacturers generous enough, or the country prompt enough, and it is open to any one to say that the Lancashire poor deserve much more than they get; but it is something to start with when we know that, what with rates and public and private charity, the general condition of the cotton hands and their families is certainly not worse than that of the families of the labourers on an outlying Buckinghamshire or Dorsetshire farm.

The class that is suffering most at the present time is probably not that of the factory hands, but that of the smaller shopkeepers. For they have not much more to eat and drink than the hands have, and they are now enduring the keen agony of waging a feeble, helpless, hopeless struggle against impending ruin. The very benevolence which descends on the heads of their humbler brothers gives them a little additional mortification. For the good people at a distance who send contributions in kind naturally wish to get the most they can for their money, and so buy their stores wholesale; and the poor little shopkeeper, as he stands at his deserted door, sees flannel delivered by wholesale houses to his old customers, who have had all his flannel on credit. It is barely possible that, if things do not take a very bad turn with them, these poor people may hold out through the winter; but this can only be by the rates not being materially increased. The majority of the distressed parishes can only bear an excess of rates above their present level by the complete sacrifice of all people of a small independence. But if the parishes are permitted to borrow, then the ratepayers will be able to meet the present crisis, and when once cotton begins to come in, they will scarcely feel the burden. To do this, they must have the assistance of Parliament. A Parliamentary grant is wholly and absolutely out of the

question. There is not a shadow of a case for it. But Parliament may give legal facilities for borrowing which do not exist at present. Mr. VILLIER'S Act does little or no good. It presses very hardly on the ratepayers, and it takes an enormous sum to put its machinery in motion. What is wanted is an Act giving each parish power to borrow, with a sinking fund which will pay the whole off in a period of from twenty to thirty years, and that the Poor Law Board should be able to exercise a supervision which will prevent people mortgaging the future who have done nothing for the present. Whether the nation should itself be the lender is a further question. We have not as yet sufficient data to enable us to say whether this would be necessary or desirable. But, with this power to borrow, with such current rates as may fairly be exacted, and with the help of the incoming cotton—which, even if the American war lasts, will still, it is calculated, give by the spring work for a fourth at least of the week—the cotton manufacturing district may be expected, from the end of March at latest, to put its poor in a position rather better than that in which they are now. That is, after the end of March, the Lancashire poor may be expected, without drawing on the general benevolence of England, to be altogether better off than the mass of the agricultural poor. It will then be the task of benevolence to restore to them some of the comforts and some of the mental gratifications which they knew in old times, and which are a little beyond the mark of carters and haymakers, and the other swains who compete for the plush waistcoats of aged agricultural virtue.

Until the end of March, we must go on contributing to keep them in the position of the agricultural poor; and if there is to be no great increase in the rates, this must obviously be done by charity. There is no reason to fear that charity will fail. What is wanted is not a large sum down, except for the one purpose of redeeming pledged clothes, but a standing weekly supply. At present, such a supply exists; and, in justice to Lancashire, it must be said that it exists mainly through the liberality of Lancashire people. There is a very widely-spread disposition to give largely in Manchester. Private charity is doing a great deal. It is keeping mills open at a loss; it is giving soup and blankets; it is busying itself with friendly schemes for relieving the tedium of having nothing to do. If we take the rates, and the various forms of private local charity, and the subscriptions of the Lancashire rich, it is a very moderate estimate to say that four-fifths of the support which sustains the poor up to the agricultural level comes from Lancashire itself. This may be said to be a very low standard, and it may be mentioned that people like the cotton-hands of Lancashire ought not to descend to the condition of the poor creatures who work on farms. But still, when we talk, let us not talk at random; and let us understand that about 350,000 people in Lancashire now receive, without earning it, such an allowance of worldly comfort as has fallen to the lot of farm-labourers; and that four-fifths of this contribution comes from their neighbours. We must maintain, and if possible increase, the share that comes from the nation at large. It is an excellent occasion for charity, as, if we give with a very small degree of prudence, we cannot do much harm, and that is a rare luxury for the benevolent. To give, and to enjoy the blessedness of giving, and not to injure the recipients, is a privilege that does not come every day. And if we wish to give wisely, the best thing is to use the agency of the Manchester Committee. This is the only channel through which we can give with a reasonable hope that the money will not check local benevolence, and that it may form part of a stream flowing where it is really wanted. It is true that the Manchester Committee cannot always keep backward districts up to their duty. It cannot exercise all the pressure on the stingy or the faint-hearted that

it could wish. But this is because those who are not much inclined to exert themselves can always, if they are snubbed by Manchester, appeal to the open-handed, uninquiring, free and easy munificence of the Mansion House. This baffles the prudence and mars the discipline of Manchester, so far as it goes; but still Manchester manages to get through a great amount of real work, and the better it is supported, the more effectually it will act. Weekly sums, sent through Manchester, up till the end of March—such is the issue to which we think all reflection and inquiry tend at present.

THE PROPOSED MEDIATION.

THIS Emperor of the FRENCH is not in the habit of acting without reasons, or at least without motives. His proposal of a joint mediation must have been intended either to succeed or to produce some assignable effect after the refusal of Russia and England to concur. There can be little doubt that the actual result of the overture was foreseen, for Governments are ordinarily as unwilling as suitors to incur the annoyance of a deliberate and verbal rejection. An offer of alliance, like an offer of marriage, is merely the formal conclusion of a previous negotiation; and when an anticipated failure is intentionally provoked, it may be assumed that the usual practice has been abandoned for some definite purpose. When the French despatch was published in the *Moniteur* before the English Cabinet had decided on an answer, the Imperial Government must have been fully prepared for Lord RUSSELL's prudently negative reply. There is reason to believe that the project was abruptly tendered at the Foreign Office without the preparation which smoothes the way for diplomatic movements of importance; and, before the offer was rejected, the reception of Mr. SLIDELL at Compiegne was officially announced to France and to America. The Emperor NAPOLEON wishes either to commence a fresh course of action, or to advertise his desire for peace, and his good will to the Southern Confederacy. It is perfectly natural that he should be anxious to prove to the distressed manufacturers of Rouen and Lyons his interest in their sufferings, and his energy in devising plans for their relief; and yet the publication of M. DROUYN DE LHUYS's despatch can scarcely have been designed exclusively for domestic purposes. The express mention of the Confederate States by the title which they have selected for themselves virtually involves a recognition; and the proposal of an armistice by sea and land, including the suspension of the blockade, implies an opinion which may shortly be uttered in language more intelligible than words. It is probable that the terms of alliance with the Southern States are not yet arranged, nor is it easy to understand any practical advantage which can be exchanged for the powerful support of France beyond the renewed supply of cotton for the mills; but it is possible that schemes for the partition of Mexico, involving the acquisition of Sonora by France, may have been already discussed or projected.

The unanimity with which Lord RUSSELL's answer has been approved in England is scarcely disturbed by the murmurs of the professional Opposition. Mr. DISRAELI's foreign politics are peculiar to himself and to a comparatively small section of his supporters, while the better and larger portion of the party is unable to understand why a dead weight of gratuitous unpopularity should be perversely hung round its neck. The English nation is not so entirely of one mind in the American quarrel as in the Italian struggle for independence; but, on the whole, it has come to the conclusion that the South will have the best of the contest, and that it is not the business of foreigners to accelerate the impending catastrophe. The resentment which has been justly provoked by the silly malignity of the North is by no means strong enough to create a desire for a rupture; and the wrongdoers are executing poetical justice on themselves effectually enough to satisfy the most unfriendly aspirations. Whatever may have been the errors of former times, England is now a thoroughly peaceable nation; and where no point of honour is involved, a general conviction prevails that war is the most unprofitable of employments. As Mr. COBDEN said, it would be cheaper to maintain Lancashire in luxury, or to incur any other extravagant outlay, than to indulge in a six months' campaign. The Federalists, and especially the Republicans, will say, with the French journals, that the fear of a quarrel with the North is a proof of the basest cowardice; but if all other subjects of national vanity fail, the Englishman may proudly boast that he is the least thin-skinned of civilized mankind. The policy of the country is, happily, independent of the criticism and satire of foreigners. The Government wisely declined to take a part in mediation because the proposal

would have been frivolous and undignified unless it were followed up by action. The Federal Government could have had no motive for accepting, without compulsion, a scheme which was exclusively favourable to their adversaries. The refusal would probably not have been expressed in courteous language, and further pressure might have led to the war which the nation is fully determined to avoid.

The form of Lord RUSSELL's despatch is wholly unobjectionable; for politeness, though always meritorious, is never so appropriate as when it becomes necessary to utter a refusal. The admission that the participation of Russia was desirable was equivalent to a hint that Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's intended reply was, in its substance, as well known in London as in Paris. It would, indeed, have been strange if the Russian Government, which has no need of Southern cotton, had concurred in a plan for opening the blockade either by force or by diplomatic urgency. The Emperor ALEXANDER was probably influenced rather by obvious reasons of policy than by the devoted admiration for his person and his form of government which is proclaimed by Mr. CLAY, and other American friends of freedom. It has always been the habit of Russia to court the goodwill of the United States, and the success of the attempt was proved during the Crimean war. As the Northern Federation retains the title of the former Republic, and as it especially cherishes the tradition of animosity to England, the Court of St. Petersburg consistently abstains from an interference which would have been regarded as offensive. In replying more directly to the French Government, Lord RUSSELL properly took occasion to acknowledge the friendly conduct of the Emperor NAPOLEON in the matter of the *Trent*; and in proceeding to explain the grounds of his refusal, he complied with the rules of diplomatic courtesy, although the motives of English policy might have been perfectly understood without elaborate exposition. It would have been superfluous and uncivil to add that, independently of the system of neutrality, there were strong reasons against embarking in a joint enterprise of undefined nature and extent. Only a few months since, it became necessary to incur a risk of misconstruction by withdrawing at the last moment from the Mexican undertaking. It might have been more difficult to pause in the process of intervention in America, if an attempt to open the blockade had been followed by a declaration of war.

An ingenious commentator in the *Journal des Débats* remarks, with significant irony, that Albion can never help being a little perfidious. Lord RUSSELL is accused of an attempt to conciliate America at the expense of France; and the French writer remarks that it is odd that the Ministers of GEORGE III.'s descendant should become the champions of the United States against the countrymen of LAFAYETTE and ROCHAMBEAU. The censure may be more patiently endured, because it is really directed against the Imperial Government, and not against England. The art of ironical and indirect satire has been cultivated to rare perfection under the system of official warnings to the press; and it is more convenient for a journalist to find an argument against his own Government in a foreign despatch than to utter it in his own person. Lord RUSSELL thought little enough of LAFAYETTE and GEORGE III., but there is no doubt that the party in France which favours the Northern Federation is chiefly influenced by the belief that the United States are natural rivals and enemies of England. When the Secession occurred, the feeling of regret was almost universal among Englishmen, not on account of any selfish interest in American unity, but because the interruption of a brilliant career of prosperity is in itself a melancholy spectacle. The French theory of the balance of power retains a more obstinate vitality. The Emperor NAPOLEON has been censured for allowing a Great Power to grow up on the frontiers of France, and he is now believed to have committed a mistake in recognising the disruption of a great Power which might have been formidable to England. He is perfectly right in seeing the truth of actual events, but it is possible that his policy may be adventurous and unquiet, although it is comparatively exempt from the influence of obsolete traditions. His projected conquest of Mexico is almost the only attempt at military aggression which has ever been unpopular in France. If he extends his designs to an alliance with the Southern Confederacy, he will incur large risks and liabilities.

LORD RUSSELL AND DENMARK.

THE English system of Government has one great defect, which it shares, perhaps, with some others, but which is striking enough to be a source of considerable mortification

and regret to the lovers of their country. We are sometimes very unfortunate in the manner of our treatment of foreign nations. Substantially, we do not do them any great harm, and we have a foreign policy which, if not very consistent, is honest and tolerably conciliatory. But we are at the mercy of the FOREIGN SECRETARY for the mode in which our communications are made to foreign Governments, and the shape they take; and either from the habits of their class, or from the training of Parliamentary life, English noblemen issue, as a rule, despatches which are matchless for bad taste and ill-chosen language. Lord RUSSELL has just issued to the world a most deplorable specimen. He has addressed a small, a friendly, and a high-spirited Court in the terms of an arrogance which, to every fault of ill manners, adds that of a very poor sort of cowardice, considering that it is England that speaks, and Denmark that is bid to listen. Very probably, Lord RUSSELL did not mean any special insult to Denmark, and was really trying to help both Germany and Denmark by suggesting the best arrangement of their differences he could think of. We do not complain of his policy, but we at once deplore and resent his language. It is most unfair on England that she should be represented in this way. The country has not the slightest desire to be dictatorial to a very friendly little maritime people; the country does not wish to impose terms where its interference has not been asked for; the country does not wish to humiliate the Court from which the future PRINCESS OF WALES is to come. The great mass of those Englishmen who care in the remotest way about Schleswig-Holstein have no other wish than that we should use our influence to bring about, in a friendly and pleasant way, a just and permanent settlement of the question, if it admits of one. But the FOREIGN SECRETARY is the only man who has the power of really saying what is said; and if he chooses to write as Lord RUSSELL has written, we are all helpless, and have to abide by the fact that England has tried to bully Denmark. It is only a very faint redress to be able to represent, through unofficial channels, to the Danes, that this despatch is the work not of England, but of a Foreign Secretary who has through life been an honest and upright public servant, but who is one of the rashest and most ill-advised of men when he takes a pen into his hand.

It is scarcely worth while to treat this despatch as bearing on the Schleswig-Holstein business, because the Danish Court has most properly rejected the extraordinary demand made upon it, and has informed Lord RUSSELL that Denmark will not accept any of his suggestions. Private Englishmen can do no more than apologize to the Danes for this sham-thunder manifesto, and entreat them to forgive and forget it. Besides, we cannot regard the present as an opportune moment for discussing the Schleswig-Holstein question at all. If that question were to be argued as a mere question of law would be argued, without reference to surrounding events, Germany has, as it seems to us, and as we have said on previous occasions, a very fair case. But political questions cannot be treated in this way. We must look at them as they are coloured by the shifting light of passing events. One of the chief points on which Lord RUSSELL and Germany insist is, that taxes cannot be raised without the express assent of the representatives of the people in Holstein, because Holstein is a part of Germany; and it has been laid down by the Diet, as the rule for all German States, that no taxes can be raised unless voted by the representatives of the people. Directly this is stated, the name of Prussia must rise to every lip. It is Prussia that complains most bitterly of Denmark—it is the displeasure of Prussia that drives Lord RUSSELL to take up this subject—it is Prussia that wishes to force Denmark to abide by constitutional law. Let Prussia begin at home. It is not the moment to help Prussia to coerce a little State into an obedience to a Constitution, when the KING and Government of Prussia announce that they are ready to trample upon their own Constitution if it does not suit them. The representatives of the people will not vote the taxes which the King of PRUSSIA asks them, and the KING says that he will take them by force. England is silent, because Prussia is nominally a great Power. The King of DENMARK denies, or is supposed to deny, the right of the Holsteiners to tax themselves, apart from the rest of his subjects, and he receives a peremptory mandate from England to alter his views; and this mandate is written in much the same style as that employed in the edicts in which Sir RICHARD MAYNE directs coachmen which is to be their route to and from a great ball. Why should the King of DENMARK, an independent foreign Prince, trouble himself about the decisions of the German Diet, when he sees them set aside like cobwebs by the great German Power that is so

unpleasantly near him. Until the constitutional struggle is over in Prussia, and it becomes clear that German constitutions are not mere moonshine, let Europe bury this ancient Schleswig-Holstein business in a congenial silence.

But Austria is said to be displeased, as well as Prussia. Austria feels hurt that the Danes are not carrying out constitutional law with scrupulous exactitude. It is, as he informs us, in some measure for the sake of Austria that Lord RUSSELL bluntly bids the Danes fall in with his proposal to have a normal budget, and an occasional budget. He is kind enough to show them exactly how it may be done. The whole taxation of the country is taken at total represented by the figure 90. This is to suffice "for the least amount of Royal dignity, and the most frugal establishment of profound peace." Of this Denmark is to agree to pay, let us say, 60, and Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenberg 10 parts each. If the KING wants anything beyond the least amount of Royal dignity, and any more than the soldiers and sailors he would require if it were certain that no one would attack or quarrel with him, then he has to get the separate assent of the respective Estates of each of the Duchies for their proportion of the increase. This may be a bad plan, or a good one; but, at any rate, Lord RUSSELL thinks it a good one, and he may have the satisfaction of recommending it on a much larger scale than the tiny area of Denmark permits. This is exactly the arrangement which the discontented provinces of Austria ask for. Hungary and Bohemia would leap at a proposition to establish, once for all, a normal budget calculated "for the least amount of Royal dignity and the most frugal establishment of profound peace," and to leave it to the decision of their own provincial Diets whether the EMPEROR should have a little more Royal dignity, and soldiers enough to fight with. The Holsteiners claim this amount of control because they have a sort of German Constitution. What is their Constitution to the ancient Constitution of Hungary? The claim of Holstein is backed by the interference of England, because the difficulties raised by Holstein threaten to break the peace of Europe. These difficulties are like the smoothest of ponds to the Irish Channel, as compared with the difficulties raised by the prolonged quarrel between Austria and Hungary. No one can think that Hungary, although ground to the dust and watched by an army of occupation, is not at least as likely to draw the sword in earnest as Prussia is in this or any other quarrel. We know that Lord RUSSELL will not communicate, through our Ambassador at Vienna, a despatch like that he has sent through Mr. PAGET, for the simple reason that the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs would refuse to listen to a word of it. But it is very hard on Englishmen who are jealous of the honour of their country, that there should be this disgraceful contrast between the way our Foreign Secretaries treat little Powers and big ones. We are ashamed to belong to a school where the monitors kick the small boys, and coax the big bullies with tarts.

GREECE.

THE Greeks have passed through the pleasantest and easiest stage of national regeneration. Numerous modern precedents have deprived the process by which kings are dethroned of all pretensions to originality. If the army is disaffected, while the general population desires a change of dynasty, there is not even the drawback of danger to mar the brightness of a glorious revolution. Misgovernment seems to be terminated, and, at the same time, stoned for, when a Royal scapegoat has been despatched into the wilderness with all the political sins of the people about him. The national conscience is once more clear and stainless, but the difficulty is to provide against the renewal of the blots which had previously defaced it. In the present instance, the dismissal of the KING may really tend to diminish the evils which were associated with his administration, although he may not have been wholly responsible for their existence. There have been crueler tyrants than OTHO, but no modern ruler has relied more habitually on corruption to effect the purposes which are naturally promoted by bribery. A King who is secure on his throne, and possessed of adequate force, often pursues, by irregular methods, objects which he really regards as essential to the public welfare. The baseness of OTHO, however, was not to govern the nation which had elected him, but to secure and increase his own share of political power. When, in defiance of the Constitution, he had made himself absolute, he had no use for his despotism except to surround it with additional guarantees. Dishonest and incapable functionaries were promoted because they professed exclusive attachment to the Royal person, while the police, the roads, and all the conditions of order and

[November 22, 1862.]

prosperity were systematically neglected. The study of personal aggrandizement is comparatively respectable when it is followed with an ulterior view to external activity and to the public welfare; but a merely selfish ambition, which ends with the monopoly of rights and privileges, is contemptible as well as immoral. An able sovereign on the throne of Greece might, perhaps, be advantageously entrusted with prerogatives which would be excessive and unnecessary in more advanced States. The fault of OTHO consisted less in his dislike of popular interference than in his inability to use the exorbitant power which he had usurped.

His successor will probably avoid his more conspicuous errors, and consequently the country will profit, to a certain extent, by the expulsion of the unfortunate Bavarian; but the Greeks will delude themselves if they expect any fundamental improvement in default of their own active co-operation. A corrupt Government implies the existence of two parties to the contract. If Senators, Deputies, and public servants had refused to sell themselves, no Court could have bought them to carry out its illegal purposes. The Constitution of 1843 looked plausible on paper, and it vested the entire control of the Government in the freely-elected representatives of the people. If, in practice, the Parliament was but servile instrument of Royal caprice, the fault cannot rest exclusively with the successful purchaser of venal support. The business of the Assembly was to control the prerogative, and the constituency ought to have returned honest men, who would have been inaccessible to corruption. A people recently emancipated from slavery may be excused for its first failure in working a constitutional system; but in trying a fresh experiment the Greeks ought to be aware that their success depends principally on themselves. It is to their credit that they have got rid of the most prominent cause of their unsatisfactory condition; and it now remains for them to prove, by practical illustration, that the slow progress of the kingdom was justly attributed to the KING. If there are thoughtful politicians amongst them, they must be well aware that a revolution is in itself only a symptom of disease. The experiment of self-government has once more to be commenced from the beginning, and it is well if the lessons derived from failure serve as an equivalent to the evil of interruption and disturbance. The fate of the last Constitution proves that the popular constituencies are worth little; and yet, in a country like Greece, there is probably no select class which can be more fitly trusted with the choice of representatives. The unwholesome influence of the Government might, perhaps, be more effectually checked by the revival of the municipal institutions which kept the national spirit alive under Turkish dominion. It is scarcely possible that traditions which had lasted for centuries can have been wholly obliterated in the course of a single reign.

The Greek residents in foreign countries are creditably anxious to give a beneficial turn to the revolution. Their influence ought to be considerable, if it is in any degree proportionate to their intelligence and wealth, and their countrymen will justly regard them as interpreters of European opinion. It is satisfactory to find that, in all their public communications, they assume that the form of government must be monarchical, and that, in deference, perhaps, to English feeling, they represent as one of the first duties of the future Government the restoration of the public credit. It is natural that they should say little of their ulterior object, although the same class a few years ago subscribed largely to the expedition against the Turkish frontiers. Their attachment to King OTHO was probably not increased when they found that he embezzled for his own private purposes the money which was destined to foment war and revolution. There is no reason to suppose that the merchants of Manchester or Marseilles have abandoned the project of a Greek Empire, but they have learned that Europe is not inclined to open the Eastern question for the aggrandizement of a State which has not yet succeeded in governing itself. Russia is engaged at home; France seems likely to be fully occupied in the Western hemisphere; and England will scarcely indulge in another war, even for the suppression of polygamy, and of that grovelling Turkish sensuality which dreams, in the words of the Koran, of milk and of honey, and of rivers of incorruptible water. If the future King of GREECE and his people can prove, in ten or fifteen years, that they are entitled to rank with the civilized States of Europe, it is not too much to say that they may count on the cession of the Ionian Islands, and on the early reversion of Epirus and Thessaly. Unfaithfulness in the performance of a petty trust constitutes no sufficient title to the possession of ten talents or ten cities.

The expressions of a wish for the election of Prince ALFRED

which are said to have taken place in different parts of Greece are unfortunately wasted. The English Government has already determined to insist on the observance of the existing treaties, and, even if the difficulty were waived, a similar objection would probably be raised by France or by Russia. The reasons which might induce the Greeks to prefer an English Prince are either creditable or natural. It is for Frenchmen to persuade themselves that they are regarded by all foreign nations with a certain mysterious sympathy, which is inspired by their characteristic qualities. The English mind is troubled with a standing doubt, if not of its own merits, at least of the appreciation which they command. The imaginary candidature of Prince ALFRED represents no romantic attachment to Englishmen, but a belief that the English alliance is most desirable for Greece, and also, perhaps, a knowledge that the Ionian Islands are subject to an English Protectorate which may not be perpetual. It is reasonable to assume that a son of Queen VICTORIA would understand and observe the true limits of Constitutional Royalty; and, perhaps, there is some cause to regret the considerations of State policy which forbid the acceptance of a vacant Crown. In the choice of a king, it will be wise to prefer a family which, if not Protestant, is at least exempt from Ultramontane fanaticism. The Greek Church, with little desire to encroach on foreign communions, is exceedingly jealous of proselytizing interference. France is regarded with some uneasiness as affecting the patronage of Latin Christianity in the East, while English zeal is probably not represented by a single Protestant missionary within the limits of the kingdom. It seems, on the whole, not impossible to find a King who may be neither a fanatic, a conspirator, nor a fool; and, at present, the Greek leaders are, perhaps, sincerely desirous of making a judicious choice.

THE FRENCH PRESS.

THERE is something exquisitely rich in the deliberation of the process by which the French press is being gradually reduced to servitude. Like the prisoner in the story of *The Iron Shroud*, it is being shut out from all connexion with the external world only by slow, successive steps. One opening after another has gone, and there are very few remaining now. About once in every six months, M. DE PERSIGNY proclaims his adhesion to the "principles of '89" by some unexpected descent upon the press, which cuts off from it one more of the subjects which it is permitted to discuss with freedom. It has long been forbidden to speak the truth concerning the condition of trade and industry in France. The laws to which it is itself subject are tabooed ground. M. DE MONTALEMBERT has paid the penalty for entertaining an opinion of his own upon foreign affairs. The *Univers* has testified, at the cost of its own existence, to the dangers of discussing ecclesiastical affairs. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has been selected as the vehicle for proclaiming to journalists that past history, as well as contemporary politics, is under the protection of the Ministry of the Interior. And now, in the person of the hitherto favoured *Siecle*, the discussion of electoral statistics is declared a punishable offence. M. DE PERSIGNY is reputed to have a special aversion to *Messieurs les Journalistes*. There is something, no doubt, very soothing to his feelings in the agony to which they must be put by this process of gradual extinction. Their increasing despair, as subject after subject is taken from them, and the same inexorable tale of columns still remains to be filled up, might move even his pity. The cruelty of PHARAOH to the Israelites in bidding them make bricks without straw has become proverbial; but he at least put them out of their pain by taking from them all their straw at once. He did not subject them to the mental torture of seeing their raw material disappear by slow degrees, or tantalize them with the idea that it was possible, by an extreme of servility, to secure the remainder. French journalists have shown an admirable ingenuity in reconciling the exigencies of readers who will have something sparkling with those of the Minister who will have nothing original. The expression of forbidden opinions in unobjectionable language has become an art of itself under the Second Empire; and it has been practised with an exquisite subtlety and adroitness. But the contest between helpless cleverness and thick-witted power is too unequal to last. The Minister of the Interior will run the journalists to earth in the end. His aim is to convert the whole existing newspaper-press into docile organs of the Imperial mind; and no ingenuity upon the part of the victims will be able ultimately to avert its accomplishment.

But it seems strange, at first sight, that, with the power

placed in their hands, the Minister, or his master, should think it worth while to labour through this slow and painful process. It would cost but the trouble of writing a decree to master the newspaper press as thoroughly as General BUTLER has done it at New Orleans, or General Wool did it at Norfolk. If the EMPEROR pleased, he could attain in a day the end which he is reaching by so many hesitating steps. The seizure and appropriation of all the Parisian newspapers would be a slight stretch of power compared to those to which he has accustomed the minds of his subjects. But it would not have attained its object equally well. It would have made him master, not of the living power of journalism, but only of its lifeless frame. The transition from a Press absolutely free to a Press absolutely enslaved would have been too sharp and sudden for the newspaper readers of France. The best writers would have all ceased to contribute; and the public, used to free discussion, would have refused to buy the official substitute. The circulation would have broken down; and the EMPEROR would have been left with the paper and the printing presses, and nothing else. His purpose could not be effected until both readers and writers had been gradually demoralized. It was necessary that the writers should be reconciled by a slow introduction of the new system to the task of writing in fetters, and that the readers should gradually lose the taste for any more exciting style of discussion. In the EMPEROR's mind, the cherished ideal of a French Press is a state of things in which the most brilliant writers of all parties shall vie with each other to clothe Napoleonic ideas in sparkling language, for the benefit of a circle of subscribers not less numerous than before. His object is not to kill French journalism, but to domesticate it; and therefore he goes gently to work. It must be broken in gradually to abstain from all topics or lines of thought ungenial to the Imperial policy. An occasional check may be necessary in this course of training; sometimes even severity will be required. But nothing must be done by which its spirit may be broken, or its affections permanently estranged. This is the ideal policy; but it is needless to say that it diverges widely from the actual practice. M. de PERSIGNY is too coarse and blunt a tool for work so fine. He is a statesman of General BUTLER's school. Spur and curb, and plenty of both, are his only idea of riding. A wayward fate has lifted him out of the mire, to seat him on horseback; and he is speeding rapidly to the goal which the proverb promises to the subjects of such an unmerited elevation. He looks upon himself chiefly as a machine for annihilating newspapers, and measures his own efficiency by the number he has suppressed. The EMPEROR, who governs rather by making occasional descents upon the various departments than by maintaining a steady supervision over all, seldom interferes with the caprices of the most zealous of his adherents; and the result is, that the French press, instead of being simply tamed, is being gradually tormented and worried into a semi-animate prostration. Its circulation may survive; for mere news, however bald or scanty, will always command a certain number of purchasers. But its brilliancy is rapidly ebbing away. Those who have been public writers all their lives find it difficult to wrench themselves away from an occupation in which they have become eminent. But the future supply is being cut off. The Minister's policy effectually prevents the recruiting of worthy successors to those who are dying off. If the present régime endures, the very practice of original discussion will probably disappear. The journals of Paris, bearing names that are linked with a splendid literary history, will sink to the level of the "Miscellaneous" column in an English county newspaper.

In spite of the power that is popularly attributed to the "Fourth Estate," it has no power to defend itself from this ignominious fate. There are no liberties so open to invasion as the liberties of the Press. The opinion that protects them is artificial, founded upon long national experience; and without the shield of that opinion, the Press is at the mercy of a corporal's guard. It is not likely, therefore, that it will be able to escape from NAPOLEON's iron grasp. It may well be, if his life should be prolonged, that its present thralldom will continue until all value for a free Press shall have faded away from the minds of all Frenchmen, except the few who are conversant with the institutions of other lands. Its revenge will come; but it will not be in a shape that will, directly at least, restore freedom to itself. All history is falsified if a Government so centralized as that of France can maintain purity of administration with a muzzled Press. No vigilance in the central authorities can, in the long run, prevent a huge and powerful bureaucracy from exercising

their powers for their own personal advantage, if the complaints of the sufferers are silenced. The same fate will overtake the French Empire that has overtaken the Russian. The EMPEROR, seeing through the eyes of others, will be blind, and, acting through the hands of others, will be impotent. No machinery of secret police, however elaborately constructed, will furnish him with any reliable check upon the reports or the proceedings of his subordinates. It is only by the criticisms of his subjects that his eyes can be opened to that which the bureaucracy choose to conceal. In Russia, the resulting corruption was so fearful that the EMPEROR had no choice but to stem it by relaxing the Censorship of the Press. But the French will not bear those results as patiently as they were borne in Russia. The Empire only rests upon the prevalent conviction that it assures more of material well-being than some of the systems that might replace it. The national spirit of Frenchmen is not reduced so low that they will submit to the official pillage which is the usual accompaniment of centralized despotism. The safety of the EMPEROR's dynasty is staked upon the efficiency of his Government; and in reducing the Press to its present low estate, he is parting with one of the surest guarantees by which that efficiency can be secured.

AMERICA.

THE Confederate army appears to be retreating southward to avoid an unnecessary sacrifice of life, and there is every reason to suppose that M'CLELLAN will not attempt to bring on a battle. Some of the Northern journals announce, for the twentieth time, that the final advance on Richmond has commenced, and they assert that the Federal army could reach the hostile capital by a shorter road than any which remains open to General LEE. It is difficult, however, to suppose that even American complacency can produce a serious belief that the victors in so many battles are about to yield the prize of the campaign without a struggle to save it. The Northern army is fortunately not commanded by the agitators or preachers of New York, and M'CLELLAN is perfectly aware that the roads of Virginia will, in three or four weeks, be rendered impracticable by the winter rains. There has been bloodshed enough for the year, and it may be hoped that both armies will shortly retire into winter quarters. The Federal Government will be sufficiently occupied with the preparations for the rash enterprise of conquering Texas; and, perhaps, it may induce some officer of its invincible navy to venture out on the open seas in quest of the dreaded *Alabama*. The loss of numerous merchant ships and the rise in the rate of maritime insurance are insufficiently avenged by the affectation of denouncing a hostile cruiser as a pirate. The Confederate leaders have probably a special motive for avoiding an immediate battle, in the knowledge which they perhaps possess of the pending negotiations with France; for it is not to be supposed that the proposal of mediation was published without the privity of the Confederate Government, although it was thought unnecessary to give previous notice to England or to Russia. It is the interest of the South to wait for the effect of the menace to the North, if not to act on the anticipation of an early alliance with France. The whole plan of the next campaign would be altered if the French squadron which conveyed the expedition to Mexico were to raise the blockade of the Southern ports, and to recapture New Orleans. An additional victory could scarcely stimulate the friendly disposition of the Emperor NAPOLEON, while a defeat would tend to discourage all projects of forcible intervention. It may also have been thought expedient to abstain from any further collision until the policy of the Democrats is more fully understood.

The loss of New York, of Pennsylvania, of Illinois, and of Iowa, must be a heavy blow to the Republican Government. In Massachusetts itself, the rabid partisan of a war of extermination was only elected as Governor by a diminished majority. The Republicans, in the course of the contest, had done their utmost to render the triumph of their adversaries significant and decisive. By denouncing the Democrats as traitors and opponents of the war, they have placed the issue of peace or compromise before the constituency which has now condemned all extreme measures. The vote may be considered to have referred more especially to the PRESIDENT's proclamation, and Mr. LINCOLN is by this time confirmed in the suspicion which he so candidly betrayed in a speech at Washington, that he has committed a ruinous mistake. He may at his pleasure follow the counsels of his disappointed partisans, by disregarding the marked expression of public opinion in the exercise of his legal prerogative. For more than two years he can main-

tain his Ministers in office, and he can act as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy; nor will further infringements of the Constitution be more lawless than the abolition of the Habeas Corpus, and the pretension to legislate for all future time on the tenure of property in the South. There is, however, a wide difference between rising and waning tyranny. The usurpations which are easily effected with the aid of an unresisted majority find themselves hampered at every step when they no longer flatter the prevalent passions of the multitude. It would obviously be impossible to send Mr. SEYMORE or Mr. VAN BUREN to Fort Lafayette as a punishment for language which has been approved by the population of the State of New York. The nucleus of resistance is formed, and the victims of a dominant and insolent faction suddenly find, not without surprise, that they have strength and numbers on their side. A weak man, accidentally raised to a conspicuous position, will be frightened into submission as easily as he was inflated by supposed popularity. Although the House of Representatives, after exhausting its power of taxation, is scarcely more important than a parish vestry, Mr. LINCOLN will not readily venture on unsupported acts of violence.

The occupation of the principal State offices is a more important gain to the Democrats than their possible predominance in the Congress which will meet next year. The Governors have assumed, or legitimately exercised, extensive prerogatives in levying and administering the volunteer army. The draft has been delayed in almost every State by the local authorities, and large bounties have been offered by the State Legislatures to encourage the enrolment of volunteers. Mr. ANDREWS, of Massachusetts, at one time affixed conditions to the aid which the PRESIDENT required; and although Democratic Governors will probably be more scrupulous in their observance of the Federal law, their zealous co-operation is indispensable to the effective prosecution of the war. It will be impossible to employ the army for purposes which are disapproved by New York, Illinois, and Pennsylvania. The most powerful Northern States have practically determined that a negro insurrection is not a justifiable mode of vengeance against the Southern seceders. The Democratic leaders hope that it may still be possible to negotiate a peace, and many of their adherents are sincere in their desire to restore the Union, if necessary, by the exercise of force. The conviction, however, that legitimate warfare can never lead to the conquest of the South, is spreading almost as rapidly as the just abhorrence which has been provoked by the philanthropists with their clamour for plunder and massacre. Mr. VAN BUREN is for letting the Confederates go, after Richmond has been taken; but it is obvious that it would be better to make peace before trying the chance of a victory which, if it could be achieved, would be necessarily barren. If the belligerents are left to themselves, the war will gradually flag; and both parties will at last acquiesce in the expediency of agreeing on a frontier.

One contingency, not in itself improbable, may lead to a temporary reconciliation of the contending parties. In a few days, the French offer of mediation will be known throughout the North; and, although demagogues will loudly denounce the perfidy and cowardice of England, responsible politicians cannot but be alarmed by the prospect of forcible interference. It will be understood that the reception of Mr. SLIDELL at Compiègne implies something beyond an equal arbitration, and the suspicions which were excited by the invasion of Mexico will be renewed by the overtures which must have been made to the Confederates. If it were found that the French Government had contracted for the purchase of the stock of cotton in the South, it would be reasonably inferred that the means of exporting the commodity had not been left out of consideration in the bargain. A war, or even a diplomatic rupture, with France would rally Northern patriotism, for the moment, round even the incapable Government of Washington. When LOUIS XVI. proclaimed his alliance with the revolted colonies, the whole English nation rejoiced in the opportunity of directing its arms against an alien and accustomed adversary; and, for similar reasons, many Northern Democrats would enter more willingly into the war if their country was threatened by a foreign enemy. It is true that the struggle would be rendered obviously hopeless by the loss of maritime supremacy, but the peace which might have been prudently sought by negotiation with the South could scarcely be concluded with honour at the dictation of France. If a rupture should take place, it will be interesting to study the arguments by which the English Government will inevitably be proved to be the chief cause of the intervention which it has steadily disconcerted. The French papers declare that English

neutrality arises exclusively from hatred and jealousy of the Union, and perhaps the same theory may find favour in the North. No party, however, will openly recommend submission to France, although Mr. CASSIUS CLAY will assert that the Emperor NAPOLEON is still secretly devoted to the Federal cause. In the misfortunes of his country Mr. LINCOLN may still find a respite from the condemnation which his violence and feebleness have justly deserved.

MONETARY AFFAIRS.

THE autumn is very commonly a period of commercial disturbance; and the last three months, though free from any symptoms of a critical kind, have produced some very remarkable phenomena in the money market. During the whole, or almost the whole, of this period, there has been a continual outflow of specie, and the Bank of England has lost about 3,000,000*l.* of its bullion; while the Bank of France has experienced a still more serious drain. Perhaps there never was an instance in which so considerable a diminution in the stock of bullion has produced so trivial an effect on the ordinary operations of commerce. During the greater part of the autumn, money has had no attractions to borrowers; the demand for discount has been generally of a most languid description; and loans have been continually effected on the Stock Exchange at 1 and 1½ per cent. At the end of October, the Bank of England raised its rate of discount from 2 to 3 per cent.—an example which was followed a week later by a corresponding advance in France from 3½ to 4 per cent. But these movements do not imply—at any rate, in this country—any active demand for accommodation. They must be regarded simply as defensive measures against the possibility of a further drain. It is quite clear, therefore, that, if we have less bullion than we had in the summer, we have as much as we require for the present; and, unless a change should come over the spirit of commercial affairs, the year will have been remarkable, first, for a large influx of the precious metals without any corresponding inflation, and then for an equivalent drain without a sign of pressure or excitement. The ordinary susceptibility of commercial affairs seems to have been deadened alike to the influence of stimulus and depression. Perhaps this may be thought a subject for congratulation, as it certainly would be if it could be traced to influences of a more wholesome kind than the derangement of our chief manufacturing industry; and it is, at any rate, satisfactory to know that the distress of Lancashire has not produced so violent a disturbance of trade in general as might reasonably have been anticipated. It is a striking illustration of the firm basis on which English commerce rests, that the exports for the present year have not fallen below those of 1861, and are within a moderate percentage of the large transactions of 1860; and, if there is anything surprising about the movements in the money-market, it is rather the expansion of the Bank stores than their subsequent reduction.

It might have been expected, perhaps, that the stoppage of the American supply of raw cotton, coupled with the increase in value of exported goods, would, so far, tend to flood this country with specie; but though we have imported less cotton (and that of inferior quality) than in former years, the aggregate price has probably kept near to the average amount. Contrary to expectation, moreover, the price of manufactured goods has not risen at all in proportion to that of cotton; and at this moment, the markets of the East are still overstocked with the remains of the excessive production of the last few years. While the anticipated support to the money market, from the immediate consequences of the cotton crisis, has been scarcely felt, a wholly unexpected drawback has been experienced, in consequence of the enormous importations of corn and flour, chiefly from the United States. We have, in fact, been importing considerably more than in 1861, and almost twice as much as we did in 1860. There can be no doubt that the supply was wanted, but the evidence thus furnished of our own deficient production would be enough to account for a much greater drain of specie than has yet been felt. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and among its many evils there has been some counterbalancing benefit from the American contest. War is insatiable in its requirements, and in spite of hostile tariffs, America has drawn from our side a supply of manufactured goods sufficient to leave large balances of gold steadily flowing into English ports. The abhorrence of American securities which has come over the British public has helped to increase this tendency, and with only occasional interruptions, the various lines of Atlantic steamers have been the channels for the constant transmission of specie from the land of green-

backs to a country where the value of a metallic currency is more highly estimated.

The general set of the tide of bullion has been tolerably uniform for a considerable time. Australia, of course, sends her usual quota. From America and the West Indies another stream pours in; and, at the same time, our stock of gold as steadily flows out to France and the rest of the Continent, in exchange for silver, which is constantly shipped in increasing quantities to India and China. The scale of the operations on both sides has been enormous. Sometimes half a million a week would arrive from New York; while as much as 1,000,000l. has been sent in a single vessel to supply the Indian demand. During the early part of the year the imports regularly exceeded the exports; but since July the outflow to India has been swallowing up more than all that the rest of the world brings in, and still threatens to continue for some time longer, at nearly the same rate. There is nothing to cause surprise, and not much occasion for regret, in this. Silver flowing to India means cotton arriving in Liverpool; and though it would be much more desirable that the price should be paid in calico, it is impossible to overrate the benefit of this timely reinforcement of the stock of raw material. In the very midst of what is called the cotton famine, the store in Liverpool has increased fourfold in a few weeks; and though this is largely attributable to the slackness of consumption, it may be fairly regarded as the first sign that the tide is turning, and that the flood of distress will shortly ebb.

There has been some probably needless anxiety expressed lest the continuance of orders for Indian cotton should aggravate the drain of specie to a point which might occasion inconvenience, if not panic; and the consequences of the possible revulsion from the resumption of the American traffic have been painted in rather alarming terms. The answer given on high authority to these forebodings is singular enough. It is said, first, that no speculative purchases of Indian cotton are going on; and, secondly, that the flow of coin to India is due entirely to past transactions, of which the balances remain to be adjusted. These are not altogether satisfactory explanations; for whether purchases be speculative or not is a secondary question, and the fact that large dealings have recently taken place follows almost of necessity from the admitted circumstance that the quantity at sea is unprecedentedly large. Nor can it be altogether sound to say what is implied in the account given of recent exportations of specie—namely, that old balances of indebtedness are the only things which produce the constant current of silver to the East. Every purchase of cotton is, we presume, accompanied by the drawing of a bill against the cargo shipped; and that bill, when brought into the market, will instantly affect the exchanges, and tend to produce an influx of specie just as much as the actual balance of price which is ultimately settled by direct transmission of coin. The possibility of a continued drain to India is not to be spirited away by doubting the transactions of which the tangible evidence is seen in the cargoes of cotton which are already afloat; but whatever may be the inconvenience of a temporary scarcity of coin, it may well be endured in return for the relief which a more abundant supply of cotton cannot fail to bring. The risk of a sudden cessation of the American blockade has perhaps been somewhat exaggerated; but, whether it be great or small, it is inevitable, and cannot be prudently met by discouraging the trade with India, which alone can replace the old traffic in the event of a yet longer interruption of commerce with the Southern Confederacy.

The possibility of an increased scarcity of money is one of the evils which may have to be encountered before the winter is over, but there is no reason, at present, to fear any serious disturbance of the money market; and probably the much dreaded shock of a long-desired peace would not be very severely felt, except by a few cotton speculators who had not been content to realise without waiting for something more even than famine prices. Such catastrophes would have no widespread influence, and those who look only at the broad results of the current course of trade may fairly rejoice to see cotton largely shipped from India, and with equal reason look forward in hope to the termination of the fatal blockade. The prophets of evil who see only the incidental mischief which such operations may bring in their train, will scarcely convince any one who reflects for a moment on the misery which every additional penny in the price of a pound of cotton implies, and on the relief which must, sooner or later, come from every shipment which will help to make the industry of Lancashire once more a reality.

THE PALMYRA MASSACRE.

PESSIMISTS and Optimists have each an easy work of it when they choose to argue that the general cast of humanity and the average condition of social or political morals are to be judged by the current events which they respectively think proper to select as typical. Books have been written and essays composed on the progress of society, which prove to demonstration that we are all relapsing into barbarism, and that all our civilization and refinement is a mere superficial varnish; and books and essays equally convincing, and equally fallacious, may be found which demonstrate that moral and social millennium has already been commenced. The true state of the case seems to be that the leopard does not change his spots, and that murder, and lust, and rapine, are much as they were two, or four, or six thousand years ago. In one special department of human history, however, we are generally assured that there has been a change for the better. War is looked upon as a calamity—as something in the nature of a fever, a pestilence, or a famine—as something unavoidable while man is man, but of which the horrors are to be mitigated by higher and more civilizing influences, which, if they cannot eradicate the evil, can check its excesses and tame its savageness. Many things of modern use are said to lead to this humanizing of warfare. Artillery, especially in its present scientific perfection, we are assured, is an especial element which redeems the ferocity of war. The present American struggle is decidedly calculated to dispel these illusions. It may be fairly argued that war attained its climax of civilization and courtesy in those old campaigning days of the last century, when it had resolved itself into a technicality—when armies moved like the men on a chess-board—when it was a regular thing for a General to take the field in the spring, and to go into winter quarters at the autumnal equinox—when a siege was conducted with all the etiquette and formality of a *minuet de la cour*—and when commanding officers used to exchange presents of game and wine, and young gentlemen of family served with MARLBOROUGH or the French Marshal much as they now "do" Egypt or the Alps. War was then a very gentlemanly, courteous, and conventional amusement. But since 1790 we have been rudely disenchanted. The First NAPOLEON violated all rules and etiquette, and rose-water has disappeared from the list of military stores. Chivalry has departed, and with it many civilizing elements. The last stand which the laws of technical honour made was in retaining the duel. The duel was certainly condemned by common sense; but the duel as certainly kept society on its good behaviour. Students of social morals assure us that a perceptible change has come over people's manners, and therefore over their morals, since the duel was proscribed. We are coarser, ruder, more careless in giving offence than our fathers were. So far, we are, even in the midst of many refinements, relapsing into a more barbarous state of society. Etiquette, punctilio, and formality were the real civilizers of war. On the American Continent, these graces of a ripened and mature society could have no place. They are the result of old and gradual civilization. It was to be expected that, when war broke out on the New Continent, it would be marked with especial atrocities. The sacredness of life cannot be appreciated where the traditions of the country all run up into bloody wars of extermination with the Aborigines. Civil war, too, has always been marked as possessing peculiar and special features of horror. Fratricidal strife is always the most embittered: —

Alta sedent civilis vulnera dextra.

But none of these causes will entirely account for the full measure of blood-thirsty cruelty which characterizes the American strife. The reason lies deeper. War hitherto has been conducted by experts. War is a matter of education—it is the military profession which hitherto has had to do with military affairs. In America, for the first time in history, we see war on the largest scale conducted by amateurs and unprofessional men. Everybody knows that guerilla warfare is always the most bloody. With the exception of half a dozen leading commanders in the Federal forces, there is not an educated soldier in command among them. In every profession, amateurs and hasty recruits always exaggerate the faults and vices of the system into which, without training, they force themselves. Fanatics are seldom developed out of the regular clergy—quacks have not often passed the Hall and College. If you want a very decided opinion on a difficult point of law, a Q. C. or an Attorney-General is not the man to gratify you. So it is in the American war. BUTLER is a shabby lawyer. The PRESIDENT himself commenced his political education with splitting rails. We never heard that TURCHIN graduated at West Point; and the recent bloody massacre at Palmyra

proves that the wretch M'NEIL who perpetrated it is a total stranger to the recognised laws and rules of the profession which he disgraces, as well as to the ordinary duties of humanity. No doubt there are circumstances which justify, or require, the military execution of prisoners in cold blood. According to the strict rules of campaigning, a spy is liable to death; but the execution of Major ANDRÉ, though technically defensible, has always been considered a blot on the fame of even WASHINGTON himself. But a spy knows very well what he is about. He carries his life in his hand, and he risks it with a full view of the consequences and of the severity of martial law. M'NEIL had not the shadow of a justification for his murder of the ten Confederate prisoners at Palmyra. It seems that, when this place was in the occupation of a Southern force, a man named ALLSMAN disappeared. On the reoccupation of Palmyra by the Federals, ALLSMAN was not forthcoming. It does not appear that any judicial inquiry was set on foot as to his absence. He might have been made away with by the Confederates, but this is not only not proved—it is not even asserted. The man may have died—may have been carried away prisoner—may have gone into the next State to buy bacon. Even his death, the sole justification for any retaliation, is not in evidence. All that appears is, that ALLSMAN was not to be found in Palmyra. Upon this General M'NEIL proclaims that unless ALLSMAN is produced within ten days he will execute ten Confederate prisoners; and executed they are accordingly. The hideous details of this bloody murder are especially shocking. The pompous procession of the unhappy victims, the long array of coffins, and the blundering ferocity of the firing party which rendered revolvers necessary to complete the work of ineffectual rifles, exaggerate the cruelty of the deed, but do not affect its character as a military murder of unexampled atrocity and measureless wickedness. No rule or precedent of martial law can justify the execution of prisoners in cold blood, except the proof that similar and equal atrocities have been perpetrated on the other side. The sternest law of retaliation, the *vendetta* itself, only requires blood for blood and life for life; but to slaughter ten inoffensive prisoners for one missing man, who very possibly is at this moment alive and well, is a deed which could only have entered into the imagination of some butcher who, by accidental circumstances, had got a general's commission late in life, after spending his early years in the more congenial occupation of cutting hogs' throats or pole-axing oxen.

The most revolting thing about all these American atrocities is, that they are winked at, condoned, and, it may be, approved by the Federal authorities. These authorities are not unwilling to repudiate the ugly acts of their subordinates when redress presents itself in the form of ships-of-war and the threatened vengeance of Europe. WILKES was disavowed, the *Blanche* outrage will be disavowed, the blockade at Bermuda will doubtless be explained away, more than one of General BUTLER's freaks at New Orleans is, or will be, disclaimed and paid for. But Colonel TURCHIN is still an officer in the United States' army; General BUTLER is still pro-consul at New Orleans; and not only is the foul deed of this M'NEIL related with all historical calmness by the unimpassioned, and almost sympathizing, annalist of the newspapers, but it is certain that he has not been removed from his command by any authority, civil or military, in the United States. Even in old heathen times, there was some sort of excuse for the massacre of prisoners which is wanting in this case. Either it was convenient as a political necessity to get rid of obnoxious personal enemies, or in some way the slaughter of unarmed prisoners was connected with some religious sentiment, and the murder took the form of a sacrifice, expiatory or propitiatory. But in the Palmyra murder, it could not be pretended that ten men, more or less, could make any difference to the Confederate cause; and we have not yet heard that Dr. CHEEVER and Mr. BEECHER have preached on the necessity of doing to the Confederates even as SAMUEL did to AGAG, or as JOSHUA did to the five kings at Makkedah. These, however, are the things which make reconciliation impossible. The names of New Orleans, Athens, and Palmyra will burn like fire into Southern hearts, even to the third and fourth generation. One BUTLER and one TURCHIN and one M'NEIL are quite enough to render the Union as it was an impossibility. The imprisonment of the three Episcopal clergymen who declined to pray for President LINCOLN, and the incarceration, for the last six weeks, of the young lady who sang "Dixie's Land," or some other song of the South, in a private drawing-room at Washington, are, of course, merely sportive instances of a little playful malice in the presence of the massacre of Palmyra. But they tell; and little results often do a cause more harm than even great atrocities.

The last European *Coup d'État*, and the blood shed on December 2, may be got over; but the constant little snappings and snarlings at the Press are equally dangerous to the stability of the Imperial institutions. In the Federal councils both courses are adopted. Terrorism can act at once on a bloody and wholesale scale, and it can also sneak in mere eavesdropping, and snarl and snap in petty insults. A pure and perfect tyranny is that which combines atrocious cruelty and bloodshed on a terrific scale with the smallest and most irritating of domestic affronts. The Federals are equal to either duty of despotism. In their BUTLER they can insult women; in their TURCHIN they can hand over young girls to unutterable wrongs; in their M'NEIL they can produce a rival to the authors of the massacre at Cawnpore. Those four-and-twenty apocryphal guillotines which some of the newspapers announce as being shipped for the Federal authorities, are superfluous. Not only has the Reign of Terror commenced, but it is carried on, if not on so extensive a scale, certainly with atrocities quite equal to those of revolutionary France.

GIPSY LIFE.

A PIECE is now running at the Olympic which overwhelms us with its demands on our credulity. We are to believe that a lady of high rank and noble fortune is likely to ask the landlord of a strange public to marry her at a moment's notice to the first man he can pick up. We are treated to a lively dance in the midst of an overpowering thunder-storm. We see the villain of the piece defeated in single combat, and retiring quietly to the side of the stage to assume the more modest position of a quiet and disinterested spectator. When the rattling thunder (which is good enough in its way) does not rattle very loudly, we might pray to be steeped in a favouring slumber, were it not that we are reconciled to wakefulness by the manner in which Mr. Robson plays the part of a drunken tinker. The author puts some very faint jokes into his mouth; but he also puts some very smart things, and Mr. Robson, who, as play-goers know, has a singular power of representing a drunken man to the life, brings before us a very fair type of the wandering, reckless, shrewd, unscrupulous, light-hearted poor. The tinker explains to the audience that his father kicked him out of doors as the eldest of the family when the seventh child was born, and that he has since shifted for himself. His reflexions have not led him to think he would have been much better for education, which would have only got him into scrapes, and that he has not lost much by leading a wandering life, and seeing the country at the expense of its inhabitants, instead of following the humble path of the stationary poor. A real donkey appears for an instant on the stage, to stimulate our fancy, and lead us to picture to ourselves what are the delights of this jovial and erratic philosopher. The stage tinker makes the best of his case, of course, but still he is near enough to the tinker of common life to make us think of the real order of persons to whom he is supposed to belong. There is plenty of time for reflexion during the progress of the drama, as there is nothing to engage the mind when the noble people of the play are on, and little to attract the eye except that almost every one puts on three different suits of velvet in each act. The current of thought, therefore, naturally runs on the tinker, and we shall perhaps be doing a kindness to visitors to the Olympic if we offer them a few thoughts on tinkers in general.

Tinkers, at any rate, may be used to remind us how ignorant we are of the poor, and of all kinds and orders of men and women except the exact set in which we live. One of the forms in which our ignorance expresses itself is the readiness with which we admit the existence of persons and spheres of life invested with a character of conventional romance. We allow these people to have pleasures and pains, virtues and vices, of their own, and do not care to measure their shortcomings by the ordinary standards of morality, while we relish their triumphs as always amusing and pardonable. *Gil Blas* is the most perfect appeal to this turn of thinking which literature supplies. We are content to follow the fortunes of a rogue, who goes about smiling and thieving; and we are not much shocked that all the bishops and grandees and great ladies of the book should be so naughty, that the maids should be as facile as their mistresses, and that cheating and lies and audacity should prosper. It is all in Spain, and a long time ago. We do not shrink from the adventures of the hero because he was so wicked, and lived in such a wicked country. It seems natural and proper that such things should be going on in the Spain of our fancy. We know, too, that Spain was, or is, not very unlike the Spain of *Gil Blas*, and we are not called on to judge where truth ends and fiction begins. In the same way we are very well inclined to attribute a romantic life, and allow a conventional licence, to many of the poor of our own country. We feel that we do not know much more about them than about Spaniards; and somehow tradition has told us, and association persuaded us, that they lead very brisk, jovial lives, and have a right to do so; that they enjoy their wanderings; and that we should be very unpoetical if we wished their wandering would cease, or that they would dress decently and come to

church. When we see from a convenient distance a group of gipsies encamped on a common or on somebody else's land, we are almost obliged to them for putting bits of bright red in the foreground, and for giving us something a little out of the ordinary way of English life to study and talk over. We do not think it necessary to remember that the pot they are boiling is filled with stolen meat, or that they would be most happy to pick our pockets if they could. Tinkers are gipsies in undress; and although we are not quite so certain of our ground, we are still disposed to believe that their wanderings in the open air must be full of adventure and very delightful, and that they are, after all, the sort of people there must be going about.

Common sense, indeed, tells us that there is a prose side of the tinker's life. It is funny to see a clever actor come on the stage in dirty velveteen and roll a drunken eye, and state how he despises "heddication." But off the stage we know that a man like that would be disgusting, that he would not smell nice, that he would probably beat his wife as long as he could stand up, and that he would certainly take all he could take without detection. If he came near our back gates, we should be glad that the big dog should keep an eye on him, and that the cook should send him away, with the voluminous emphasis of her sex and calling. We are also aware that, if people go wandering about in damp places, and drinking to make up for it, they are very likely subject to alternations of rheumatism and delirium tremens. Anyhow, tinkering must be a trial to old age, and a bad school for the young. We do not suppose the original of Mr. Robson's character would be a pleasant person to know at home. Statistics, we dare say, could prove to us how large a portion of our prison room is taken up with these jovial wanderers when they are out of luck; and sad experience teaches many of us that these wanderers are the sort of accommodating, untraceable people, who help servants to turn their petty pilferings into cash. Common sense tells us all this, and still, in the face of common sense, we allow gipsies, and tinkers, and Spanish valets, and other persons of this sort, to have an atmosphere of romance which we cannot make up our minds to penetrate. Of all phenomena of human society, this perpetuity of conventional romance, in spite of plain facts, is not the least strange. There must be something to account for it. There must be some philosophy of tinker-worship. We need not suppose we are such fools as to feel a kindly indulgence for a tipsy vagabond out of pure caprice. Perhaps we could find many reasons for our hesitation of thought, if we pushed the subject far enough; but one or two reasons are enough, and it is not difficult to find a reason based on fact, and a reason based on theory.

In the first place, we judge from ourselves and from our friends, and feel pretty sure that there must be something pleasant in tramping. We know by experience that being always out of doors, and being thoroughly idle, constitutes in itself a condition which is the choice of many hundred fine gentlemen. To move about with a sort of faint purpose is what the gentleman likes, and why should the tramp not like it? There are, of course, wet days, and ugly parts of the country, and the tramp is not always found, as he is in the beginning of novels, in the sweetest of country villages and in the leafy month of June. But neither is the ordinary English wanderer on the Continent always at the top of the peaks he loves, or gliding down the steep slopes over which he delights to shoot. There are many days when he looks out of the window of his hotel at the blank hopeless rain. Yet he is not put out of conceit with his tramping, nor is less likely to be led away by the tale of a great, new, unknown, unclimbed pinnacle of ice. Soldiers go through endless hardships if they have a campaign in a bad country, and yet they get not only reconciled, but attached to their life of adventure, simply because it is a life of adventure. The human mind is so formed as to like activity, coupled with an ignorance as to what will turn up. The tramp, and the gipsy, and every Gil Blas of low life, has, therefore, something always given him which we know to be sweet, although taken in a very large quantity, to his betters. Perhaps one of the happiest lives which the world has now to offer is that of a young English settler in Australia. It is true that some part of his happiness consists in the hope of future wealth; but it is only a small part, and it is not so much that the hope of future wealth is a gain to him as that he escapes the mortification of being passive in the station in which he finds himself. The tramp has most of the pleasures of the settler. He gains a good appetite, he smokes his pipe, he sniffs the fresh morning air. He has dirty work to do certainly, and tinkering old kettles is not in itself lively; but there are things to be done to sheep which it must cost the civilized Adam some natural pangs to do at first starting. We have, therefore, some ground for thinking the tinker happy, when we see how large is the resemblance between his career and that which gentlemen cross glaciers and oceans to make their own.

But we are still more powerfully induced to look at tinkers and their fellows through a veil of conventional romance, because this romance offers a convenient method of concealing our uncertainty as to the moral judgment we ought to pass on them. We know that our moral standard is right, and that there cannot be two moral standards. The gipsies ought not to go about with their whisky-loving kings and queens, and their erroneous views about property in poultry. They ought to take their eight or nine shillings a week, and live in a very small, dirty cottage, and drink water only, and go to church, if there is room in the free seats or standing-place in the aisles. That is what they ought to do; and

we cannot let them off, in a moral point of view, for not doing it. But we have a lurking feeling that this happy and respectable lot hardly satisfies all the aspirations of the untamed human heart, and also that there is so very large a proportion of the human race which does not come up to our standard that we do not exactly like to think what are the consequences of falling short. No reflection will enable us to solve the mystery of human existence, but we are not sorry to escape reflection partially by selecting some portion of the myriads who puzzle us, and fancying they have privileges, and a licence and an irresponsibility of their own. We do not quite believe they have; but, also, we do not quite believe they have not. We hesitate to say, even to ourselves, in plain terms, whether Gil Blas and a footman in a pious family are, or are not, to be judged by the same rules. This is sadly illogical; but human life cannot be meted out by logic; and we must sometimes let our expressions shape themselves, not in accordance with strict truth, but so as to express a feeling or guess which seems to us to have too great a possibility of truth in it to be put wholly aside. All this, however, is theoretical. Practically, if a tramp steals, or threatens to steal, no romance need let us interfere between him and the police; and if any one, by encouragement or exhortation, has the art of making a tinker honest and respectable, he may do something better than indulging in any romance whatever.

THE CRITICS OF THE CHARITABLE.

THIS English people have been so long in the habit of alleviating calamities of every kind, whether personal, local, or national, by voluntary aid, that it is surprising there is not more agreement than there is as to the grounds and limits of responsibility. There is, however, a general agreement on the most important points. In the first place, a good man hastens to alleviate every calamity which he is not sure will be relieved by some one else, if he has the means, and if there are not exceptional circumstances which would make his interference more hurtful than his quiescence. Then, we think ourselves especially bound to assist our friends and our relatives, because it is natural to assist those we love, and with whom our lot has been cast. We assist our servants, and those who have acted with us and for us, because there must be a division of labour in charity as in other things, and the case of these is better known to us than to others; and, besides, the habit of doing so follows from the desire we feel to be always on good terms with our associates. For similar reasons, we assist the members of our profession. Clergymen, for instance, generally support the Institution for the Sons of the Clergy, because it is a link between themselves and other clergymen, and because, if clergymen neglected such an institution, it would soon be neglected altogether. And then we feel bound to assist those who have contributed to our prosperity; a man is insensate, who will not aid the benefactor, whose timely assistance saved him from ruin or laid the foundation of his wealth. It is on this ground that the bankers, the merchants, the landowners, and others, who owe a large part of their great fortunes indirectly to the industry of the factory-people, are, especially and more than all other strangers, bound to assist that class in its present distress. And it is partly for the same reason, and partly because it is an opportunity of drawing closer the bonds between themselves and their workpeople, that all millowners, who have any proper feeling, assist, according to their means, the families they have been in the habit of employing. Lastly, if an evil becomes too great to be dealt with by any subordinate society, the whole nation is bound to interfere, either by the collective action of individuals or through its Government, because the sufferers are, in a sense, its children; because no other nation can be expected to help them; because their labour has contributed to its prosperity; and because, if it neglects to help them, there is danger of its being no longer, or less than before, a united nation.

There is a general agreement of this kind as to the character of the obligations which we incur in relation to those who need assistance. And it is natural that, when people are asked to do anything so serious as to spend money, they should closely scrutinize the conduct of those who look on while they are undergoing the operation. Accordingly, there has been lately a good deal of criticism on the part of those who are asked to help the Lancashire operatives, and there is likely to be more, with a portion of which we agree, while with a portion we disagree. In the first place, much criticism has taken the form of an explicit or implicit comparison between the present conduct of the millowners and what is alleged to be the ordinary conduct of rural landlords, very much to the disadvantage of the former. Now, there are many rural incumbents, who could give the names of rural landlords who neglect their duty quite as systematically as the most greedy millowner, and under circumstances that afford much less excuse than he possesses at present. It will be well if the present discussion of the relations between the employers and the employed end by making the action of public opinion forcible and prompt enough to reach these rural landlords. Our object, however, at present is, to point out to these critics that the parallel which they assume to exist between the circumstances of rural landlords in times of agricultural distress and the present circumstances of the mill-owners is much closer than the facts permit.

In many, at least, of the disastrous years, to which we suppose the critics refer, the majority of rural landlords have permitted the whole burden to fall on their tenants, and in this case the assistance which they may have afforded to distressed labourers was unques-

tionably defrayed out of an undiminished rental. But even in the years when agricultural distress has been most signal and most universal, the incomes of the rural landlords have only been considerably reduced—they have never been annihilated. The millowners, on the contrary have, for the last twelve months, been unable to obtain any income whatever. If one of them closed his mill, of course nothing was produced; if he opened it, the relative prices of the raw material and the manufactured commodity entailed a positive loss. Nor, again, are the producing powers of the soil impaired, because, in a particular year, it has yielded a bad harvest; yet the consequence of machinery standing idle is an irrecoverable deterioration in its value. The machinery of the millowner does indeed correspond to the land of the rural potentate in so far as each forms the fixed capital, or part of the fixed capital, of its owner. But there is yet another difference between them; and this difference lies in the fact, that the manufacturer's machinery has to be renewed from time to time out of his profits, while land, when once paid for, affords its possessor a permanent and impregnable basis of production. It is, however, only when they are contrasting landowners and millowners, that the writers seem to forget the notorious fact that the millowners, if they assist their operatives, assist them at the expense of their capital, and that, if they forbear to assist them, they forbear in order to save their capital; and, inasmuch as it has never been necessary, they do not, and cannot pretend that it is usual, even for model landlords, to support their labourers out of their capital. There are, no doubt, some (it has not yet been proved that there are many) millowners, who do not contribute to the support of their workpeople, although superior prudence, or longer standing than their neighbours, has put them in possession of available funds. Let such men be blamed by all means. But it is one thing to blame men for neglecting those who derive, from neighbourhood or previous association, a claim on their wealth—it is another thing to contrast their conduct with that of a class which has never been placed in the same circumstances. If it is unprofitable to guess what the conduct of rural landowners would be in an hypothetical case, it is worse than unprofitable to assume that their conduct would be of such or such a character, when the assumption is only made for the purpose of adding a sting to the condemnation of others.

There are some other considerations, which the critics who institute comparisons between manufacturers and landowners should not omit to notice. They not only forget that the equality of the average profits of every business is one of the fundamental doctrines of political economy, but they seem to think that the nature of the cotton manufacture is such that those who are engaged in it cannot fail, as a class, to make larger profits and to have larger available funds than other capitalists. No mistake can be greater. In all manufactures, and in the manufacture of cotton not less nor more than in others, very great profits are common in some years, very small profits in others; while great losses are not unfrequent. No doubt the profits of capital invested in what are commonly termed manufactures are frequently far greater than the profits of capital invested in agriculture; and these again are frequently greater than those of capital invested in land. But, in each case, the greater profits are merely the compensation for the greater risk of loss, and for the less agreeable character of the business. Enormous fortunes are occasionally made by manufacturers; but, then, manufacturers are not unfrequently ruined. On the other hand, though no man who invests his capital in land runs the slightest risk of ruin, he knows that the profits of his land can never exceed a certain amount. Accordingly, those men are generally manufacturers who are willing to incur great risks, for the chance of making great fortunes; and those men are landowners who forego the chance of increasing their wealth, in order to enjoy a smaller income in security, and what is deemed a more respectable position. But this is not all. Living in an atmosphere of speculation, and eager to be rich, the manufacturer is apt, when his business promises well, to invest the larger part of his profits, as they arise, in increasing the fixed capital which is his producing power; nay, if the promise of the time is particularly bright, he even borrows money in order to increase it. But no man of ordinary intelligence buys land with borrowed capital; and the race for the possession of wealth, or even land, among landowners, is not so keen as to lead them to commit what are practically, though not technically, their profits, as soon as they arise, to irrevocable investments. A conclusion follows from these considerations which the critics should not overlook. If the distress in rural districts were as general and profound as it is in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Cheshire, the landowners would probably have funds immediately available for its relief; and they would certainly be able to obtain them without difficulty, on the security of their description of fixed capital. But comparatively few of the millowners have available funds, while they possess a description of fixed capital which, at such a time as the present, is nearly the worst security that a creditor could be asked to take.

To Mr. Gladstone belongs the discredit of uttering the most curiously thoughtless criticism that the present crisis has provoked. Every millowner possessing proper feeling or an intelligent notion of his own interest would no doubt help his operatives, in their present emergency, by every means in his power. Mr. Gladstone, however, has propounded the extraordinary doctrine that it is his duty to employ them, by keeping his cotton for that purpose, if he possesses any, and by buying cotton, if any is to be got in the market. Mr.

Gladstone apparently forgot that, in the present state of the market, the purchase of cotton would very largely diminish, and the sale of cotton would very largely increase a man's means, whether of supporting his distressed neighbours, or of accomplishing any other object. The results that would flow from the adoption of Mr. Gladstone's advice have been very clearly pointed out by "A Merchant," in a recent pamphlet. The "Merchant" points out that the chief results would be two. First, the resources of the millowners who bought, or forbore to sell, would be permanently diminished; secondly, the supply of cotton, instead of being equally spread over a long period, would be wholly absorbed at the outset. In other words, an immediate and temporary alleviation of the dearth of employment would be purchased by an ultimate aggravation of it. Mr. Gladstone might as well denounce a man for selling his stock of champagne, in order to feed the poor, or advise a builder, in the midst of universal distress, to employ his workmen in constructing houses of marble.

If we were disposed to prophesy, we should say that in a short time criticism will be directed against a class of men who have hitherto enjoyed an extraordinary immunity from its censures. There is a vast agricultural district, comprising the greater part of Lancashire and a large part of Cheshire, the value of which has been increased enormously by the successful enterprise of the manufacturing towns. The owners of the soil in these districts owe their great wealth to no enterprise of their own or of their ancestors. The enjoyment of their fortunes is untarnished by the recollection of past sacrifices or the fear of future risk. The streams of profit that flow to them from the cities, where wealth is laboriously acquired and suddenly lost, where high wages and destitution succeed each other, are so far like the sea breezes, as these too can be enjoyed by men who do not encounter its storms. The greatest living political economist has gone so far as to propose that a special tax should be laid on property of this description, and everybody knows that the cause of this great wealth, so far as its possessors are concerned, lies in the sphere of accident. It is not pretended that the rents of these landowners have suffered, or are likely to suffer, perceptibly by the distress of their neighbours. If the whole of the present race of manufacturers were swept away, the same physical and economical causes which brought them or their fathers there, would, in a few years, bring others to fill their places, who would gather together, as they did, a vast labouring population, and keep up, as they did, the flow of wealth into the lap of the landowners. It may be said that each of the millowners has a more immediate and intimate connexion with a particular body of operatives; but the landowners have a scarcely less real connexion with the whole class. On the other hand, the loss incurred by the millowners and the landlords within the distressed unions is nearly as great as that of the operatives, while the income of the rural landowners of the two counties, as we have said, is not perceptibly diminished. The critics who complain that the rates in the great towns are not yet sufficiently high may be told that there is no revenue out of which to pay them; but they can receive no such answer if they ask for the subscriptions of the landowners of Lancashire and Cheshire.

Lastly, criticism may ultimately assail even the Government and Mr. Charles Villiers. At the close of last session, the Government was reluctantly persuaded to introduce and pass a bill, the object of which was to enable the Poor Law Board to meet such an emergency as the present. It empowered the Board, on the requisition of the Guardians, to cause every union to contribute in aid of the rates of any of its parishes, when those rates exceeded 3s. per annum in the pound; and to cause the counties of Lancashire and Cheshire to contribute respectively in aid of the rates of any of their unions, when those rates exceeded 5s. per annum in the pound. We believe that the rates in many unions have for some time past exceeded the proportion of 5s. in the pound per annum. Yet the President of the Poor Law Board does not appear to have advised the Unions to avail themselves of the aid Parliament provided. The increased contributions of the last two weeks are not yet wholly equal to the wants of the people; but still they raise the hope that charity, properly organized, may yet deal adequately with the crisis. But it is, at least, premature to talk of aid from the Consolidated Fund when the counties of Lancashire and Cheshire have not been made to share the legal responsibilities of the distressed Unions.

A GOOD THING.

MOST people are glad to hear of "a good thing" by which money may lawfully be made. The class of persons whose moderate means have been invested in what were considered the safest railway stocks, and who find their income decreasing year after year by virtue of causes which they do not thoroughly understand, are perhaps among the most solicitous to learn any available method of recovering a margin on the right side of their banker's account, to provide for some little extra luxury or some unforeseen necessary expense. Hardly anybody is so likely to run open-mouthed into a wild speculation in Wheal Golconda or the Suez Canal as a steady fundholder—whether an irresponsible bachelor, or a widow with a large family—who finds the income received from the Three Per Cent. just a very little too tight for the ordinary comforts of life. An instinctive taste for gambling, speculation, or whatever else it may be called, is so common a touch of nature that it almost makes the whole world kin; but it

is developed in every variety of degree. Its danger and its pleasurable excitement are greater or less with different temperaments, and are modified by the practical experience of the very doubtful nature of theoretical chances which each individual has had the opportunity of gaining. Pigeons will rush in where persons who are anything but rooks would still fear to tread. The unsuspecting nature of an ordinary shareholder, who never looks at the accounts or tries to understand them—who only knows that the shares he bought some years since at 100 premium are now below par, and that the dividend which everybody once said could never go below ten per cent. is now under five, with a steady tendency downwards—who ultimately gives his proxy without inquiry to the noisiest agitator who is clamouring to upset the "fatal policy" of the present management, and turn out the whole board of directors—is just the nature that may most easily be wrought upon with the prospectus of "a good thing."

This sort of good thing is just now dancing before the eager eyes of the shareholders of the London and North-Western Railway, and, after them, of the public at large. What the merits of the particular scheme are will no doubt appear upon further investigation. The Western Australia Cotton Company may be a providentially designed refuge of security and profit for distressed railway shareholders, or it may not. Cotton undeniably must be grown somewhere, and the country where it can be grown and sent to market cheapest will undoubtedly find its cultivation most remunerative. Very possibly, Western Australia is to be that country. Our present business is only with the prospectus that tells us it is so. The arguments which this document adduces to persuade those to whom it is addressed to entrust their money to the chances of Antipodal cotton-gins are so beautifully varied, and the trust in the large sympathies of the ideal shareholder of London and North-Western stock, with which it is replete, is so guileless and so novel, that it is worth noting as a specimen of the literature of 'Change. It is gratifying to discover that, among that mysterious hierarchy of the bought-and-sold note which is supposed ruthlessly to bonnet and hustle any unlicensed intruder within the sacred precincts of its temple, there are pious and charitable sworn brokers who delight in not only filling the pockets, but touching the best feelings of their speculative fellow-men. You are requested to "take a personal interest in the formation of the Western Australia Cotton Company," by applying for shares—

Not only because its operations will promote the prosperity of the line in which you are a shareholder, benefit the operatives of the Northern districts, increase the commerce between England and her colonies, avert a cotton famine from the future; but because, as you will see by the enclosed estimate of results, it can be made to pay very largely indeed as an investment.

To the general public which is not specially interested in the transport of cotton goods along the London and North-Western line of railway, the tone taken is loftier still:—

I feel (says the eloquent and sanguine broker) that, as an Englishman, you are willing to assist your countrymen; as a Christian and philanthropist you abhor and would abolish slavery; but I assure you that, besides these higher inducements, the investment is one which I recommend as commercially sound, and will (*sic*) produce very good, probably very large, profits.

It was once said to be impossible to serve at once God and Mammon; but, on the London Stock Exchange of the nineteenth century, it is probably held that, in the words of the one poetic humourist of America—

They worn't up to everything down in Judea.

The Western Australia Cotton Company, at any rate, is to do a good thing in two or three senses, and make the best of both worlds for its shareholders. To have assisted one's countrymen as an Englishman, to have abhorred slavery as a Christian and philanthropist, and done one's best to abolish it by promoting an experiment of free competition in cotton-growing—surely these are grounds for a public monument, or, at least, facts to be recorded on the tombstone of every beneficent capitalist who selects this particular investment as returning the best chance of large profits on his capital. When such a capitalist leaves his shares in the cotton company to his executors, he ought surely to realize the good fortune of which Mr. Squeers thought himself deserving, and go straight upward to the realms of bliss without being asked any questions. But this is not all. No quarter of the globe is excluded from the civilizing or charitable operation of the fructifying deposits, which are not to exceed 1*l*. per share. The speculator helps his famishing countrymen here in Europe. By abolishing slavery, and abhorring the slave trade, he does as much as can be expected of him for both America and Africa. He is to create a great country in Western Australia by the remunerative production of cotton, "timber, minerals, maize, wheat, grapes, raisins, wine, and tobacco, &c." In order to do this, he charitably relieves China of the superfluous population from Shanghai and its neighbourhood; and what is more, he relieves the superfluous Chinese of the necessity of inhabiting their native but ungrateful China. "The Company can, at any moment, secure any amount of Chinese coolies, hardy, fit for any work, accustomed to the growth of cotton, and who will be but too glad to escape from Imperialists and Taepings to a civilized country."

No doubt the writer of this prospectus knows his own business, and had very good reasons for adopting the particular tone in which it is drawn. But it is a curious subject of inquiry, what his view of the springs of human action in the stock-market may

be, and what his feelings were while committing to paper the bright ideas which flashed across his brain as recommedatory of the shares for which he was trying to find purchasers. Did he, for instance, chuckle approvingly to himself when he discovered the argument of the separate benefit which would arise to the poor Chinese coolie who, but for the Western Australia Cotton Company, might still pant in vain to be deported out of the way of contending Imperialists and Taepings? or was the thought too solemn even to be smiled over? Is a Stockbroker at all able to calculate the percentage of the general satisfaction accompanying a successful investment which is connected with the "higher inducements" for taking shares, or to divide the gross return into its proper proportions of interest upon capital, and interest upon Christian philanthropy? It is very natural to suppose that a business involving any peculiar amount of dirty work or positive dishonesty should require a larger percentage than common of material profit to make it palatable to the trader of average morals. An extra ten per cent. in such a case might be a reasonable compensation for stifling a small whisper of the conscience, or for running the risk of being made to take a lower stand in general reputation. But, when the business is once free from the taint of dishonesty or other immorality, is there, in the eyes of the average class of purchasers or speculators, any moral difference in favour of one commercial undertaking over another, which would induce them either to be equally contented with a smaller rate of interest for their money, or to feel a greater content in receiving the same rate of interest on the "higher inducement" ground? If there is such a difference, how far does it go? Is it measured by an additional two, three, four, or five per cent.? Would it be fair to count the civilization of "any amount" of hardy Chinese coolies as an extra one per cent. of dividend per annum morally divided among the shareholders of the Western Australia Cotton Company? May we say two or two and a half more per cent. payable in the gratification of a philanthropic abhorrence of slavery? and set down, under the circumstances, at least three more as the equivalent of "benefiting one's country as an Englishman" in providing staple for the distressed operatives of Lancashire? Or, if these good works have a definite pecuniary value as a higher inducement to engage in a remunerative undertaking, what is the measure of that value when, as sometimes happens, the apparently sound commercial investment turns out unremunerative? If, by some unlucky chance, the dividend payable in this case (after the first two years, which are exceptionally guaranteed) should prove to be a large gratification of the higher feelings, accompanied by no supplementary cash whatever, what would the shareholders say? Perhaps, there would be some of them who could afford to feel that their gratuitous subscriptions to the various causes of philanthropy were not quite thrown away. But we are inclined to think that the greater number of them would be more than ever persuaded that "business is business," and would be very apt to fight shy of any future circulars from the same quarter, in which "higher inducements" were again prayed in aid to recommend a sound commercial investment likely to return a high percentage.

It is clear, however, that this style of advertisement does pay, or it would not be resorted to. It may be difficult to produce any single purchaser in whose mind the higher inducements of patriotic and cosmopolitan philanthropy would really turn the scale in favour of his investing a single penny more in the Western Australia Cotton Company. When a poor clergyman avails himself of a circular which offers him "a pure sacramental wine, combining all the requisite qualities, at twenty-four shillings a dozen, ditto, very superior, at thirty shillings," he probably purchases more from regard to the cheapness of a decent liquor which will answer the purpose sufficiently well than from any belief in, or enthusiasm for, its alleged sacramental purity. But the object of the advertiser is just as well served in each case, if the article puffed is purchased, whether the purchaser analyse his own feelings or not. It is of little consequence to the salmon-fisher what the salmon thinks of his fly, which resembles even remotely nothing particular in nature, provided the salmon takes the fly handsomely. Whether he rises at it from a mere natural instinct of hunger, expecting to get so much edible profit for his labour, or whether he snaps out of curious petulance at an intruding and incomprehensible stranger, is a moot-point of piscatorial learning, but practically a matter of indifference to the being at the other end of the line. The fly is dressed with a bit of red colour, because salmon are so frequently found to take flies dressed in that fashion. Red, in certain quantities and forms, is clearly an estimable colour in the eyes of average salmon, though the fly-dresser has no means whatever of ascertaining why. And so we are bound to suppose that charitable and philanthropic considerations, and "higher inducements" in general, give an estimable and respectable colour to the transaction of pecuniary investments in the eyes of a sufficiently large class of purchasers to make it worth the while of a sharebroker to cultivate a decidedly serious style of circular-writing. Such a style looks as if the broker had a serious and solid and respectable connexion already, to which he wants to add the respectable name of the person he addresses. Even without being morally affected in the smallest degree by the "higher inducements" of the circular, and without feeling the smallest readiness to forego a fraction of the legitimate percentage of commercial profits in their behalf, it is still possible for some unit of the investing public to be unconsciously tickled by the eminent respectability of the concern. The spiritual and moral *agrément* of being a shareholder in so philanthropic an enterprise are indefinite enough, but they may possibly act in some indefinite way in opening

the pursestrings of somebody. They are inserted in the circular as the advowson of a living, too small for independent maintenance, which is attached to the property, is inserted among the particulars of an estate for sale. Such an advowson is not convenient enough to command any very great value in the general market on its own account; but there may be some particular intending purchaser of the estate among the public for whom it would have an appreciable value, and from whom it would produce a higher bid for the whole. To most of the speculative public, on the look-out for a sound commercial investment, the "higher inducement" dodge may be simple surplausage. But there must be some with whom it answers, or it certainly would not be done. Unless somebody is found to believe in the accuracy of a prophet's "tip," there is no temptation for him to keep on crying aloud that he has a "good thing."

GAROTTERS.

THE police reports of the present month are filled with complaints of violent street robbery. Piccadilly after midnight is nearly as unsafe as Hounslow Heath was a hundred years ago. It might till lately have been thought to be one of the tendencies of the age to substitute fraud for force in the acquisition of other persons' property; but really London seems now to unite within it all the smooth roguery of civilization, and all the bloody violence of barbarism. A few winters ago, burglaries occurred almost nightly. This winter has commenced with a series of outrages to the person so audacious that it is difficult to believe they can have occurred in the most frequented streets of a vast city. The notion of a lonely place being suitable for robbery is quite exploded. The highwaymen have quitted the wild and storm-swept moors where travellers were few, and the task of robbing them involved tedious watching and disagreeable exposure to the weather, and have betaken themselves to the centres of population where victims may be found without delay or trouble, and the robber may speedily make himself comfortable under friendly shelter after his night's work is done. Instead of riding many miles, he merely runs up a court turning out of the next street; and even the old-fashioned ceremony of "stand and deliver" is omitted by these modern highwaymen, who first throttle you, knock you down, and kick you, and then wrench your watch-guard, and turn your pockets inside out. There is only one healthy feature about these atrocities, which is, that the ruffians who perpetrate them are greatly afraid of the police. This being so, instead of lamenting that our moral sewage no longer finds a free outfall into the colonies, or arguing about the limit of punishment and the possibility of reformation, suppose we were to try what can be done to make the streets of London safer, by placing in them rather a larger garrison. It is not, perhaps, surprising that many people should prefer hearkening to theories to putting their hands into their breeches' pockets. But, in truth, this question, like many others which get obscured by too much talking, is a very simple one. It is wonderful that the small number of police employed keep the peace in this great city so well as they do; and they would perform their work still better if there were more of them. We do not propose this remedy as complete and final, but we should like to see it tried. Individuals might thus walk the streets more safely at midnight, and also the admirers of the Pope and Garibaldi would be more easily restrained from fighting another battle in the parks. The police know, or can know, most of the lawless characters of the metropolis. If they see them lurking about the streets suspiciously, they can move them on; if they suspect that they are lying in wait to make a sally from some dark court, they can beat up their quarters and disperse them. The infliction of some prompt and sharp punishment would also have an excellent effect; and if humanity would permit it, we should like to see a little flogging tried as well as a few more policemen. Suppose that London were divided into districts and handed over for a month to the care of energetic officers, armed with some of the authority of a provost-marshall in a camp. We expect that the garotters would take to some other trade very suddenly. But if penal servitude is to be the only remedy, let us try to make the best of it. When a man is in prison, he cannot throttle and knock out the teeth of Londoners; and whether he is to be set free at the end of ten or fifteen years does not greatly matter, if it be tolerably certain that, upon committing a fresh outrage, he will be locked up again. The system of allowing criminals to shorten their terms of imprisonment by good conduct is both theoretically excellent, and appears to be recommended by experience. If prisoners are really reformed when they come out, philanthropy will rejoice; and, if they are not, an effective criminal law will soon send them back again. No doubt numerous policemen and large prisons are expensive, but we must make up our minds to bear the burden which formerly we shifted to the colonies. If London were infested by secret poisoners, or unusually ingenious forgers, the ministers of justice might be brought temporarily into a difficulty; but the garotters scarcely attempt concealment. They audaciously defy the law, and the law must be made strong enough to quell them. It is much to be suspected that the root of the evil is, that the police force is worked beyond its powers. If it were not for the usual cowardice of these ruffians they would be much more difficult to deal with than they are; for it must be considered that after a few years of penal servitude, breathing the purest air, eating good and abundant food, and

exercising the limbs in regular and moderate labour, the returned convict will have attained to a degree of health and physical vigour which might be expected to make him a tough customer for the policeman. However, if the comforts and advantages of prison life are so great as they are said to be, it is unnecessary to feel much compunction about enforcing a return to them. Let it only be distinctly laid down that the peace of London is to be preserved by the removal of those who trouble it.

One of the most audacious of the recent outrages was committed in Long Acre about ten days ago. A gentleman was returning home from Pimlico to Lamb's Conduit Street at 3 o'clock in the morning, when he saw three men approaching him. Two of them rushed upon him, and gave him a violent blow in the neck, which knocked him down. Then they kicked him, as usual, and were proceeding to rifle his pockets, until his cries were heard by a policeman. On the approach of the constable, the men ran off, as is also usual. They were pursued, and one was captured in the chase, and the other two afterwards. When brought up at Bow Street, one of them had the impudence to ask, what right had the prosecutor to be out in the streets at 3 o'clock in the morning? Perhaps the prosecutor would have done well to return from Pimlico three hours earlier; but really, unless the number of policemen be increased, it will become almost a public duty "not to go home till morning," because, if nobody is in the streets during the small hours except those who go out on urgent business, that inconsiderable minority will soon be beat and kicked into utter shapelessness and non-efficiency. In the worst of times, it is possible to take pretty good care of number one, by making that a special object. Supposing burglaries again to become common, a considerable degree of safety might be enjoyed by any household which comprised among its members one or two good-looking female servants. Paterfamilias might sleep tranquilly in the belief that a policeman of susceptible breast and stalwart frame watched his premises with peculiar interest; and if he happened to come home late, he would be certain to hear the tramp of a heavy foot, and to see a manly figure lingering near his door, or inspecting his area-railings with a lantern. The sense of security thus obtained would be all the more delightful by comparison with those unprotected neighbours whose households had not been constituted on the same judicious principle. Unhappily the remedy, although perfect, would necessarily be of very partial application, because the supply of pretty maid-servants is not large, and that of policemen is very small. It is to be feared, indeed, that our prudent paterfamilias could scarcely be acquitted of the charge of selfishness; and we doubt whether in these days, when garroting is more rife than burglary ever was, gentlemen of a strong domestic turn, who prefer to spend their evenings at home, are not liable to a similar imputation. Society may be said to have a claim upon us to take our turn at mitigating the solitude of the streets by walking home through them, after keeping things up gloriously at a friend's house in a distant quarter of the town. There are many jovial songs, most frequently heard after midnight, which almost deserve to be called patriotic under the present reign of terror in the London streets. We do not believe the assertion of one of the above-mentioned malefactors, that the gentleman whom they attempted to rob was tipsy; but if he were moderately elevated with the good liquor of his friend at Pimlico, such a slight transgression may be pardoned to one who manfully walked home alone, and was the means of tempting three garotters into the grasp of justice.

But if London after dark is to be allowed to relapse into a state of nature, there is one natural remedy against nocturnal violence which will deserve more attention than has been hitherto paid to it. If we cannot have policemen to defend us, we must learn to defend ourselves. Why is it that three able-bodied robbers take to their heels at the approach of one policeman? It certainly is not because the officer is dressed in a long great coat and clumsy boots, and is otherwise inconveniently accoutred either for pursuit or fight. Perhaps it is partly because he carries in his pocket a small truncheon, and possesses some slight skill in using it. But it is much more because of the determined way in which the policeman goes in at whatever offenders show themselves upon his beat. The policeman does this because it is his regular business, and because he knows that he will be supported by any of his comrades who are within call. It seems to us that the Londoners should enlist some more stout young men from the country in the police force; but if they will not go to this expense, they must become their own insurers, or in other words, they must take the duty of dealing with what the newspapers call "powerfully-built fellows," and "desperate-looking characters," upon themselves. If the latter alternative is to be adopted, we may just mention that there is an art, sometimes looked upon as barbarous, which might be found highly valuable to gentlemen whose business or pleasure takes them abroad after dark. The names and addresses of the professors of this art may be learned easily. It would be a very economical arrangement if the Londoners would not only defend themselves, but also execute prompt justice upon their assailants. For a violent assault there is much suitability in a punishment of the like kind. But, any way, let it be clearly understood that the entire tribe of garotters is to be extirpated, and that it is the fixed purpose of Londoners to render all ruffians conspicuous by their absence, and as regards them, to make their city a solitude, and to call it — what it will be — peace.

DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH.

DOES any body remember the St. George's-in-the-East riots? The details are happily forgotten, but the general impression remains. A clergyman, the rector of the parish, who for a good many years had taken things quietly, was suddenly aroused to a sense of personal responsibility for the care of some twenty or thirty thousand people committed, as they say, to his charge. He was stimulated, as he himself admitted, into activity by the sight and example of an energetic mission of some other clergymen, which had been planted *ab extra*, but with his consent, in St. George's-in-the-East. Whether Mr. Bryan King was personally very conciliatory, or whether the particular means by which he sought to revive or to implant religion among the remarkable population of his parish were well timed or judicious, may, perhaps, be doubted. It is enough to recall the fact, that, in order to bring his people back to a deserted parish church, he organized a system of ritual observances of a very pronounced and sumptuous character. Most people thought that this was, perhaps, beginning at the wrong end, and that, however suitable elaborate ceremonial may be for religious people, it is scarcely the best mode of making people religious. But the results are unforgotten. The parochial mind was shaken to its very centre. The vestry was indignant. Churchwardens and overseers were in arms for their spiritual privileges; they rioted for the restoration of Tate and Brady; and they broke the peace and turned the House of God into a scene of the most lawless uproar and desecration because they had not been accustomed to chanting the Psalms, and could not make out the use of a chasuble. Authority in Church and State winked at all this. The Secretary of State declined to exercise those powers to preserve the public peace which are entrusted to him, on the irrelevant ground that Mr. Bryan King was injudicious and obstinate, and at London House itself the parochial authorities were treated with marked sympathy and deference. The Bishop of the diocese undertook to moderate between the rector and the vestry of St. George's-in-the-East. He not only recognised both parties as lawful belligerents, but in treating them on equal terms he admitted the spiritual rights of the vestry to prescribe the cast of services which they found most to their edification.

Now in all this there was a single element which was thought to redeem the conduct of the parochial authorities of St. George's-in-the-East. Undoubtedly, whether the change is for good or for evil, any change in the mode of celebrating public service is a shock to people. Habit tells most strongly in the externals of religion. To a man accustomed to the complex services of the Greek or Latin churches, an exercise of Quakers would be a desperate affront: and to people brought up from their childhood in the unadorned simplicity of worship in the convective, the even-song of St. Paul's or Westminster would be an equal shock. And so, though no decent person applauded the particular mode in which the St. George's-in-the-East parishioners thought proper to protest against chanting the psalms, yet a great many people thought they had some sort of a grievance. But all this depended upon the account they gave of themselves. What they said was, that they were all old-fashioned Church of England men; that they had been in the habit, with wife and family, of attending their beautiful parish church, as they prettily put it, every Sunday; that their religious habits and devotional customs had been rudely assaulted by the rector; and that all that they asked was the opportunity of saying their prayers as they had always said them. The world sympathized with this engaging picture. The only difficulty about it was its exceeding prettiness. If anybody went into the streets of St. George's-in-the-East he would hardly recognise this home of calm religion and regulated habitual holy devotion. It was reported by enterprising travellers into these regions, that the external aspect of St. George's-in-the-East was slightly at variance with the Arcadian simplicity which the churchwardens and overseers described. The pastoral glades, both on Sundays and week days, were said to be peopled with nymphs whose costume was at least as loose and unconfining as their morals; and, for a church-going population, there certainly was an undue preponderance of ginshops, thieves' lodging-houses, and convenient hostelleries, kept by aged ladies of Mrs. Quickly's profession. Indeed, it was whispered that the churchwarden whose religious zeal was most conspicuous in defending the simplicity of worship in the parish church himself kept a public-house, whose best and most constant customers were to be found in the harlotry and thievery which unfortunately abound in that parish. But all this was difficult to show. First, there is always the antecedent difficulty of proving a negative. If any man say that he is religious, it is not easy to disprove his assertion. A personal discussion on such an assertion must be very one-sided; and the world has long since agreed to take every man at his own religious estimate of himself. There would, perhaps, be an end of religion unless we accepted the personal assertions, as well as experiences, of religious professors. And, further, why should not the keeper of a gin-shop be a religious person? Charity hopeth all things, and believeth all things. Hidden saints are the most precious; and a doubtful calling is sanctified by the personal holiness of one who faithfully resists the extraordinary temptations of his temporal vocation. This was, perhaps, one of the reasons which so strongly recommended the parishioners and parochials of St. George's-in-the-East to public sympathy. The neighbourhood did bear an evil reputation; low lodging-houses, and houses lower, and in other respects worse, than lodging-houses, abounded; riot and robbery were, to say the

least of it, not rare; murder among the sailors, and the female friends of sailors, now and then happened; vice, debauchery, and drunkenness were the outward aspect of the place. But all this made its inner virtues, and its secret life of religion, more exemplary and more edifying. It was as in some foreign countries, where a brigand cuts your throat after invoking the Virgin, and where the very Lupanaria are furnished with religious pictures and the appliances of faith.

An illustration of this peculiar character of the inner and hidden religion of St. George's-in-the-East has just turned up in an unexpected quarter. We are indebted to the *East London Observer* for the report of a case which, somehow or other, has not appeared in the *Times*—a journal which, at the time, represented not unfairly the popular sympathies with the outraged susceptibilities of the parochial authorities of St. George's-in-the-East for the purity and simplicity of worship. At the late Middlesex Sessions one John Barrett, a builder, of New Road, St. George's-in-the-East, a guardian of the poor, vestryman, and trustee of the parish, was indicted for keeping common brothels at Nos. 1 and 2 Rose Court, Upper East Smithfield, in the parish of St. Botolph, Aldgate." Barrett was indicted as owner, and two other defendants as keepers, of these houses. An application was made by Mr. Ribton, Barrett's counsel, to allow Barrett to be seated below the dock, "on the ground of his respectability, that he had been overseer and churchwarden, and that he was now guardian, trustee, and vestryman of St. George's." The Judge declined to accede to this request. We extract from the *East London Observer* the proceedings in the case:—

This was a parish prosecution at the instance of the "East London Association for the Suppression of Evil and Immorality." The chief defendant is the proprietor of twelve houses in Rose Court. A majority of them have been for a long time common brothels, where robberies and outrages have been frequent. Edwards and his wife occupied the tenement, No. 2 Rose Court.

Three police constables, named Kelly, Ambridge, and Payne, of the H division, proved the case against the three defendants, and described the frightful scenes of disorder and lewdness they had witnessed in the tenements, Nos. 1 and 2 Rose Court. They had taken thieves out of both of the houses. A man named Gill and his wife, who occupied No. 1, and two others were convicted a few weeks since, and sentenced each to three months' imprisonment and hard labour, for a robbery committed in the house, which was immediately closed, and had remained so ever since. No. 2, occupied by two of the prisoners, was not shut up until they were arrested on a warrant granted by Mr. Selfe. The evidence of the police constables was confirmed by other witnesses, and it was proved that eleven years since a respectable man living in the court said to Barrett, "You let out your houses to bad girls, and ought to be ashamed of yourself." Barrett collected the rents weekly of the Gills and the Edwards's, and was well acquainted with the business they carried on. Notices were served upon him to suppress the measure [nuisance?] so far back as April last, and the East London Association had given him repeated warnings before they had recourse to an indictment.

Mr. Ribton addressed the jury at great length on behalf of Barrett, and described him as a most honourable and respectable man, who had served all the parochial offices in St. George's, and had taken an active part against the Rev. Bryan King and the Puseyites in the parish, during the religious discussions, and that had drawn upon him the hostility of several persons and of the East London Association. He denied that the freeholder was liable in law, and had not the "government, care, and maintenance" of the brothels in question within the meaning of the statute. If it was decided otherwise, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Russell, and other noblemen and gentlemen, on whose estates "common bawdy houses" existed, would be liable to indictments. If the decision of the jury should be adverse to his client, he hoped his lordship would reserve the point he had raised for the Court of Criminal Appeal.

The Assistant Judge in summing up, said no one could doubt after the plain and direct evidence, that the two houses the subject of the indictment were of the most infamous character, that James and Mary Edwards occupied one of them, and that Barrett was the owner of both, and in the practice of collecting the rents weekly. He was of opinion that Barrett was responsible, and that the indictment would be sustained if he was aware of the vile business carried on in his tenements; that was a question entirely for the decision of the jury. With respect to the suggestion that Barrett had been indicted because he took an active part in the religious discussions in the parish of St. George, he did not think those observations ought to have been imported into the case, and he would remind the jury, that there was not a tittle of evidence in support of the learned counsel's observations; in fact the evidence for the prosecution was entirely uncontradicted.

The jury, after retiring for a short time, returned a verdict of guilty against all the prisoners.

Whether the case will go further we need not inquire, but the difference between the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Barrett is very palpable. When the Duke of Bedford takes rents weekly from the harlots who keep (if they do keep) disorderly houses on his estates, then we shall be very glad to see the Duke of Bedford in the same dock which was honoured by Mr. Barrett's religious presence. At present, the parallel does not quite hold; and we must take Mr. Barrett at what he and his counsel represent him. Mr. Ribton does not deny that Mr. Barrett, ex-churchwarden of St. George's, and now vestryman, guardian, and trustee, knows the character of his houses—does not deny that he visits them weekly, and in person collects his rents. The rents of this particular sort of property are known to be very high, so that an enterprising builder and religious churchwarden, who has done such good service to the purity of religion, most likely makes a good living of his savoury investment in Rose Court. Auspicious name! There is a fragrance of sanctity, and a religious aroma, with which the guardian of the faith has sanctified his mansions of chastity. Common brothels in Rose Court become quite chaste in their associations. Their name and their proprietor redeem them. And, after all, why should not Barrett own disorderly houses, as the law-books rudely style these chaste numeraries? *Non olet.* If the earth is the possession of the saints, why should not the best investments fall to the

godly? It is only by an accident that this particular sort of property is so profitable; but being so profitable, nobody in his senses can doubt that a religious man—an Apostolic man who undertakes the care of all the churches and who represents the aggrieved religious liberties of himself and brother vestrymen before the Bishop of London—is better entitled to a high percentage on his house property than a mere profane knave, a vulgar pandar, an ordinary Mr. Boult or Mrs. Overdone, who has no opinions on intoning, and who does not know the difference, as Mr. Barrett does, between an anthem and an anathema. These are among the privileges of the saints. Godliness is profitable unto all things, and has promise of the present world, and therefore of the profits of Rose Court. Mr. Barrett is none the worse defender of the faith because he collects the weekly rents of his little investment in Upper East Smithfield; but, being a religious man, and ex-churchwarden, as Mr. Ribton very properly argues, his inner life sanctifies his outward means of living. Besides, it is quite possible, as we all know, to be—at one and the same time—

Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres—

now pleading for the blessed heritage of the Prayer-Book in all its integrity, and now collecting the hebdomadal profits of debauchery, robbery, and lewdness in Upper East Smithfield. If the two things could not be combined—religion on Sunday, and a good investment on week-days—how could the office of churchwarden be filled at all? So Mr. Barrett's justification is complete. A convicted brothel-owner and a defender of the faith are not irreconcilable. Besides, this is not the first time that religious people have been taunted with being owners of this sort of property. Archæologists, and readers of the Variorum Shakespeare, will remember the expression "Winchester Goose," and the connexion between certain houses, not altogether unlike those in Rose Court, with the Bankside property of the see of Winchester. And we are old enough to remember what was said when the ownership of certain similar establishments under the very shadow of Westminster Abbey was traced to ecclesiastical proprietors. After all, Mr. Barrett has only to bear the same sort of sneers which were levelled centuries ago at bishops, and years ago at deans and chapters. The cross of bishops and deans may be well borne by a churchwarden and vestryman. The difference in the cases, such as it is, is in Mr. Barrett's favour. He does not cloud his virtues with hypocrisy. *Pecat fortiter*; or, in the language of the vulgar, he goes the whole hog. He justifies both sides of his character. He admits that he collects his brothel rents every week; and he glories in the active part he has taken in religious matters. He takes credit for both. Mr. Ribton is probably right in describing him "as a most honourable and respectable man, as times go."

REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS.

ENGLISHMEN have always complained of the unintelligible character of party politics and party divisions in America. It never can be easy for ordinary observers in one country to discriminate between the various shades of opinion, and to recognise the minute political subdivisions in another. But the strong lines of demarcation, and the character and purposes of the two great parties which divide the country, and stand in direct antagonism on nearly all those larger political questions which alone are interesting to foreigners, are as clearly defined in America as anywhere else. It is by names, rather than by characters, that we are perplexed in reading of American parties in American newspapers. At one time, the perplexity was really considerable. We read of Locofocos, Barnburners, Hardshells, Softshells, Knownothings, and so forth; and, accepting all these names as the legitimate titles of contending parties or sections, were disposed to abandon in despair the task of drawing information of any kind out of the chaos of mutual denunciation. The truth is, that nearly all these names were nicknames, applied to this or that section of the two opposite parties—much as we speak of "the Manchester School," "Palmerstonians," "the Irish Brigade," and so on; while others were the opprobrious designations fixed by each party on the whole body of its opponents. The Knownothings were, for a short time, a party whose self-chosen title was that of "Native Americans," and whose object was to check the power of the foreign immigrants, to whom the extreme laxity of the laws, and still more of the legal authorities, with respect to naturalization, gave an influence justly obnoxious to the more respectable classes of the native community. But, since 1856, the distinction of parties in America has been sufficiently clear, and increasingly important. The country has been divided between Republicans and Democrats. It is true that these names are curiously applied, and that it puzzles us, at first, to find them used as antagonistic designations. But party names are often meaningless in themselves. "Conservative" expresses distinctly enough what the followers of Mr. Disraeli profess themselves to be; but "Liberal" and "Radical" are not terms which explain at once the opinions of Lord Russell or Mr. Bright; and "Tory" and "Whig" are slang terms of which the original sense and derivation are not absolutely ascertained. Why the conflicting parties in America have chosen the names they bear it would be tedious to explain; but the present signification of those names is not a matter of doubt or difficulty.

The Republican party may be said to date from 1856. It grew

up from more than one source, springing from the ruins of the Whigs, and strengthening itself by absorbing all the anti-Southern elements which abounded in the political atmosphere of the North. It was founded in antagonism to the South, its watchword being "resistance to Southern aggression." The war in Kansas; the law which, at the demand of the South, had been passed to give effect to that clause in the Federal compact which provided for the rendition of fugitive slaves; the new doctrines in reference to the Territories, which seemed to indicate an intention on the part of the slaveowners to push their way into the North-west; the actual seizure of one or two fugitives in New England—all these circumstances had combined to inflame the strong feeling of jealousy and dislike which a very numerous section of the Northern people entertained towards the Southerner—a feeling which is not to be confounded with Abolitionism, and which did not arise out of any sentiment of regard for the negro. In the first place, the Southern planters were hated as aristocrats. They were almost the only leisured class in the Union; they were refined, and, for the most part, educated men; they were supposed—very erroneously—to be possessed of enormous wealth; and they wielded a very great political influence. They were hated, too, because their vast superiority in political capacity, and the organized strength of the Southern States, gave them an authority in the Senate and in the Cabinet which could not easily be shaken off. The South re-elected her Senators and her representatives, while the Northern States were continually changing theirs; and the best men of the South constantly came forward, while all that was honest and respectable in the North held aloof from politics; so that the leading men of the Union, in intellect, authority, and character, were almost always Southerners. A large section of the Northern labouring classes, again, hated slavery. They hated it only less than they hated the presence of free negroes. They held, if they did not utter, the idea often expressed on their behalf by Mr. Seward—"The white man needs this Continent to labour upon." And thus they endeavoured to exclude free negroes from most of the Western and some of the middle States, while they were bitterly hostile to negro slavery in the South. Abolitionism, too, had been gaining ground. The German immigrants were mostly Abolitionists; Massachusetts was Abolitionist; and the preachings of Phillips, Garrison, Beecher, and Theodore Parker, with the incessant propagation of horrible stories concerning atrocities perpetrated by Southern planters, made an impression on tens of thousands who would not have called themselves by the name of a sect which was looked upon as being outside the pale of social and political respectability. To the creation of an anti-Southern sentiment was devoted the whole influence of all the disappointed place-hunters of the North; and the task was rendered easier by that sentiment of hostility to a party long in power, which is peculiarly characteristic of the American citizen. Combined into one Northern party, on the programme of excluding slavery from the Territories, repealing the Fugitive Slave Law (objects of very doubtful legality), and abolishing slavery in the district of Columbia, these various elements formed a whole so formidable that the issue of the Presidential contest was not despaired of. A popular candidate was chosen—a man very much liked and generally respected—*omnium consensus capax imperii nisi imperasset*. Powerful assistance was rendered by a hot-headed and intemperate enemy. A very violent and abusive speech of Mr. Charles Sumner's in the Senate provoked the wrath of Mr. Preston Brooks, of Carolina, who assailed the offender with a riding-whip at his desk in the Senatorial Chamber. This outrage—of which greatly exaggerated accounts were published by Mr. Sumner's friends—did more service to the Republican cause than all the efforts of its ablest agitators; especially as South Carolina, resolved not to give way a step in the face of the enemy, very injudiciously sustained the cause of her champion, and, when the House expelled him, re-elected him immediately. The cry of "free speech, free soil, free men, and Fremont," excited the North to enthusiasm; and out of one hundred and eighty Northern Electoral votes, Mr. Buchanan only obtained sixty-two. For the first time since the election of Andrew Jackson, a President was elected against the wishes of the Northern majority. From that moment the Union was really rent in twain. A purely sectional party had arisen in the North, and gained the supremacy there. From that moment, Secession became merely a question of time and opportunity.

Not that this was at the time generally recognised. The Democratic party was not disposed to give up the object of all its efforts and all its sacrifices—the preservation of the Union. How highly, how passionately that object was prized in America, we have never yet fully understood. The idolatry of the Union—the blind belief in its beneficial influence, the worship of its magnitude, the pride in its power, the devotion to its name—which so long prevailed over every other feeling, and which, until after the battle of Bull's Run, many clear-sighted men still believed to be the ruling passion of Americans, both North and South, was nowhere so strong as among the Northern Democrats. The whole of their policy seems to have been guided by this one idea. For this they vindicated the doctrine of State rights, as the only protection for those Southern institutions for which the South was prepared, if need were, to secede; for this they passed the Fugitive Slave Law; for this they invented the doctrine of "squatter sovereignty," according to which the decision between slavery and freedom in the Territories was to be left to the Territorial Legislatures; for this they entered into a close alliance with the South, to preserve her rights in the Union, and thereby prevent her from breaking up

the Union to assert them. It was, so far as we can see, this idolatry of the Union which linked together the Southern and the Democratic parties, and which formed the sole bond of their close and intimate alliance. This devotion to the Union made the Democrats the Conservative party of America. As it was from encroachments on the Constitution, in hostility to slavery, that danger to the Union was to be feared, they were the resolute defenders of the Constitution, and of the Constitutional guarantees enjoyed by slavery. They were not prepared to see their idol shivered without another struggle. But their power in the North was waning every day, and of this the more clear-sighted of their Southern allies became aware. In 1860, the party split; Breckinridge being the Presidential candidate of the extreme or Secessionist wing, and Douglas the nominee of the moderate or Unionist Democrats. This division resulted in the victory of the Republicans; Mr. Lincoln receiving one hundred and eighty-four out of one hundred and eighty-three Northern votes in the Electoral College, while every Southern vote was cast against him.

We have been thus particular in indicating the position and character of the two parties before the war, in order to explain their conduct since the war broke out, and the attitude in which they stand at present. The Democrats were at first earnest in the war. Their leading men, it is true, who appreciated the strength and resolution of the South, who knew that re-conquest was impossible, and who saw that the only hope of reunion was through peace and compromise, were vehemently opposed to coercion, and had even pledged themselves, in private, that there should be no war. But the passion of the people was too strong for the control of party leaders. The multitude refused to believe that the Union could perish, and they went to war to restore, or, as they said, to maintain it. So long as this was avowedly the purpose of the war—so long as no deviation from this policy was permitted by the Government—the Democratic party were the chief supporters of the struggle. The Republicans were lukewarm—the Abolitionists openly discontented. When it became clear that the Union was gone for ever—when President Lincoln proved by his measures that he recognised this fact—when he broke the tacit compromise between himself and the Conservatives, trampled the Constitution under foot—and, ceasing to make war for the Union, declared a war on slavery, a war of vengeance, a war of extermination—then the Democrats fell off from him, and the Republicans gathered round him. The latter cared comparatively little for the Union, while they bitterly hated the South. The former, loving the Union before all things, certainly loved the South better than they loved the Republicans. The Emancipation Edict was the signal for a renewal of the party conflict which had been suspended for nearly two years. The Democrats gathered all their strength for a decisive struggle, and, so far as the latest news goes, they have been successful. They have carried New York, where, in 1860, they were beaten by a majority of 50,000; they have, on the whole, the advantage in Pennsylvania, which gave Mr. Lincoln 268,000 votes to 208,000; they have triumphed in New Jersey; they have prevailed in Ohio and Indiana; and they have now carried Illinois. In Massachusetts they have failed; but even there, in the very stronghold of Republicanism, there is an evident reaction in their favour. Indeed, their victory in the Empire State may be considered as decisive of the general result. It seems tolerably certain that the next House of Representatives will contain an Opposition majority.

The Democrats are not as yet avowedly a peace party. They still demand the restoration of the Union; but they demand, at the same time, that the war shall be conducted only with that object, and shall be limited by Constitutional law. They will have no emancipation, no confiscation, no murders in cold blood, no mere war of vengeance; they insist on their programme of "the Union as it was and the Constitution as it is," in a tone which gives far more prominence to the latter clause, which is within their reach, than to the former, which all reasoning men have abandoned as an impossibility. As a party, we believe that they have not shaped for themselves a definite policy. But the intentions of their leaders are pretty well understood. They would desire, if possible, the restoration of the Union on such terms as might satisfy the South—a consummation which would be as unfortunate for America as disastrous for humanity, but which, fortunately, is altogether beyond the bounds of probability. Failing this, they will seek to conclude a treaty of exclusive commerce and amity as the condition of separation. It would be with extreme reluctance that the Confederate States would consent to bind themselves to a protective policy, contrary to their views and their interests, in favour of their worst enemy. But peace is so necessary to them that, if it were offered on such terms in respect of frontier lines as they might fairly accept, clogged with such a condition as this, it is by no means certain that they would not accept a proposal which would be even more injurious to England than to themselves.

But whatever the Democratic party may intend, they have no direct power at present to do anything, except by the action of the individual States to thwart and embarrass the Government. The existing Congress will not expire till March 4; the ordinary session commences in December; so that unless an extraordinary session is called, the newly-elected representatives will not begin to exercise their functions for twelve months to come. Mr. Seymour, as Governor of New York, may do very much to paralyse the power of Mr. Lincoln, and to impede the execution of any measures of which the Democratic party disapprove; nor is it at all likely that the President will dare, in defiance of the expressed

will of the people, to attempt a *coup d'état*. But the chief effect of the recent elections must be looked for, not in the direct action of the victorious party, but in the moral influence which the verdict of public opinion will exercise over the actual holders of power. Mr. Lincoln and his advisers are not the men to stand alone—to carry out their own schemes in defiance of popular censure, and to trust to success for their justification. Like all statesmen in Democratic Governments, like all Americans in every walk of life, they are lamentably deficient in moral courage. Mr. Lincoln avowedly "yielded to pressure" when he issued his proclamation of liberty to the slaves. Pressure may now make him withdraw it; a little more pressure may possibly frighten him into negotiations for peace. What will be the ultimate result of the renewed ascendancy of the Democrats we cannot venture to predict; but its tendency certainly seems to be to pave the way for peace, either through the weakness or by the overthrow of the Administration which is chiefly responsible for the war.

LORD Ebury on OLIVER CROMWELL.

It is a great matter when an amateur can surpass a professional master in his own art. Queen Elizabeth promoted Sir Christopher Hatton because of his elegant dancing, but she refused to take any notice of a dancing-master who was said to perform equally well. It was no merit in him; "Pho, it is his trade." Within the last few days, a British Peer has won, or at least deserved, a place of like honour, as a perfect master of the high-polite style. His Lordship has fairly distanced all professional penny-a-liners. Should any reverse of fortune oblige Lord Ebury to work for his livelihood, he will be able to drive a first-rate trade as a chronicler of extraordinary occurrences, or a picturesque narrator of launchings into eternity. Nothing can beat, either as to matter or manner, the letter which he has thought good to write to the *Times* about Oliver Cromwell. As far as we can see through the haze of fine writing, Lord Ebury has seen in the Exhibition a large figure—a colossal bronze statue—of Oliver Cromwell. This colossal bronze statue he wants to set up either in St. Paul's Cathedral or in Westminster Abbey; and he thinks that one or other of the present Deans of those churches may perhaps allow it to be set up in one of them. Whatever we may think of Lord Ebury's proposal, it is clear that it might have been set forth in a very few words of plain English. But then Lord Ebury would have won no credit as a proficient in the grand style. It would never do to say one's say straightforwardly on so great a subject as Oliver Cromwell. Half the itinerant lecturers in England, and, we dare say, in America too, have held forth about him, all doubtless in some of the highest and politest forms of the high-polite style. Not one of them has done without a few metaphors, a few circumlocutions, a few big words, meaning nothing in particular, but rounding off a sentence so as to obtain a cheer. A literary Lord, writing to the greatest English newspaper, might naturally feel a noble ambition to outdo them all in their own walk. Lord Ebury has tried and has succeeded.

Lord Ebury, it seems, was musing on the International Exhibition,—pondering how all things human, even International Exhibitions, come at last to an end. To have said that the Exhibition closed, or ended, or was shut up, would have been the mere language of common men. Lord Ebury cannot express the fact save by a metaphor taken from the phenomena of the heavens. We do not know whether Lord Ebury looks upon the Exhibition as moonshine, but it was certainly the moon in the third quarter, shining less brightly than it had done a week before among the trees of Moor Park, which suggested the opening of his Lordship's letter. The moon was waning; the waning of the moon suggested the "waning of the Great Exhibition;" and the "waning of the Great Exhibition" called to Lord Ebury's "remembrance" the beautiful things that he had seen there, and one "fine work of art" above all. His Lordship seems not to have seen it very lately; still its material, its position, its subject, its author, were all firmly fixed in his memory. It was one which he saw some time since in the south-east transept—"a colossal bronze statue of Oliver Cromwell, upon a pedestal of like proportions, adorned with emblematic figures of Peace and War, the whole modelled by Mr. Bell, and cast by the Coalbrook Dale Company."

A hypercritical censor might possibly hint that Lord Ebury's sentence sins against the first precept of Horace's *Art of Poetry*. "Coalbrook Dale Company," even though the brook and the dale do suggest picturesque and rustic images, still makes a rather prosaic ending—somewhat of what rhetoricians call an anti-climax—for a paragraph which threw off so magnificently about the "waning of the Great Exhibition." But though Lord Ebury loves sound, he will not sacrifice sense to it; he likes to be accurate and particular, and to give no one any excuse for not knowing what exact work of art it is which he speaks of. Here, then, there is—or was some time since—in the south-east transept of the Great Exhibition, a bronze statue and pedestal, modelled by Mr. Bell, and cast by the Coalbrook Dale Company. This, and no other, was the work of art which was indirectly called to Lord Ebury's remembrance by the age of the moon. What is to be done with it, now the moon and the Exhibition have alike waned? Let us hear his Lordship himself:

As far as I know, there does not exist in this land any material monument of the great Protector; and, if I am correct, I must add that I think it a reproach to us as a nation which we should do well to wipe off.

Observe the phrase, "material monument." The distinction is fine—the alliteration is emphatic. Immortal monuments there

doubtless are in abundance; the great Protector is enshrined, if nowhere else, in the grateful memory of Lord Ebury. Some might think that so great a man needs no monument at all. A panegyrist of George III. once sang of his hero, that

His monument shall be his ocean isle.

An ocean isle is doubtless material; still, by way of a monument, it is slightly vague. If to Lord Ebury an ocean isle served as a sufficient monument of Oliver Cromwell, somebody else might look upon it as an equally appropriate monument of Charles I. The great Protector, then, clearly needs something at once more material than Lord Ebury's memory, and more special than the ocean isle. Our first impression was that we had seen "material monuments," pictures, and statues, of the great Protector already, and that, at all events till the colossal bronze statue itself is melted down, it could not be said that no material monument of him exists in this land. We were going to add that we fancied material monuments of him existed in the shape of personal reliques; we had a vague impression that we had seen his hat in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; but, on second thoughts, we believe it is the hat, not of Oliver Cromwell, but of Guy Fawkes. The definition of "material monument" is to be gathered from the next paragraph. As modelled by Mr. Bell, and cast by the Coalbrook Dale Company, the colossal bronze statue is only a "memorial;" it must go through certain further processes before it is advanced to the higher rank of a "material monument." This elevation is to be gained by being bought by some great persons—some persons greater even than Lord Ebury—and then set up in one of the two greatest churches in London. It must be set up in a church—in a London church—in one of two particular London churches—and it must be the gift of persons whose position is but vaguely described, but who must clearly belong to a class to which Lord Ebury looks up as his superiors. If it were set up anywhere else, or by a smaller person, it would not have the same effect. If it remained for ever in the south-east transept of the Great Exhibition, if it were bought by Lord Ebury, and set up at Moor Park, it would still remain only a memorial; it would not be a material monument; and we should still as a nation live under the reproach which Lord Ebury thinks we should do well to wipe off.

Once more, let us hear Lord Ebury himself. His last sentence is long and intricate, and justice cannot be done to it except by looking at it as a whole:—

Now that two centuries have given so different a colour to the political events of his days, and toned down the violent animosities which at that period distracted our country, it may not be impossible but that, should the acquisition of this memorial be made by persons of sufficient consequence, one of our two highly-gifted and liberal London Deans might give hospitality even to the great Nonconformist in one of their magnificent receptacles for England's mighty dead.

We need not dwell at any length on the colour of the political events, and the toning down of the violent animosities. We rejoice, with Lord Ebury, that the civil war of the seventeenth century has passed away, and that there is no fear of our country being at present "distracted" by another. We are glad that it is quite possible to acknowledge that, in struggle where there was much to be said on both sides, there were men on both sides deserving of the esteem of posterity. We are glad that we can now do equal honour to Hampden and to Falkland, though, to be sure, it is rather a jump from either of them to his Highness the Lord Protector. Mr. Grote acutely remarks that one side has dwelt so long on the fact that Cromwell and the elder Buonaparte each kept out a lawful King, that the other side has forgotten that each made himself tyrant over the people. Undoubtedly, when we compare Cromwells and Buonapartes, we may feel a sort of pride that even our tyrants are angels compared with those of our neighbours. Let, therefore, even Old Noll have whatever honour is due to him. But the particular honour hit upon by Lord Ebury is rather strange. The bronze Colossus is, on certain conditions, to become the "material monument" of the Protector. This, as we have seen, depends, first, on "the acquisition of this memorial being made by persons of sufficient consequence." "Making the acquisition of the memorial," we have ventured to translate by "buying the memorial;" and, as Lord Ebury clearly does not look upon himself as a "person of sufficient consequence," we suppose that it must be bought by persons—one, it seems, would not be enough—either of higher rank or of greater personal fame than Lord Ebury himself. We should suggest for the purpose one of the newly translated Archbishops, in partnership with the fortunate man who may become King of Greece. If such persons can be got to "make the acquisition," then, and not otherwise, "it may not be impossible that one of our two highly-gifted and liberal London Deans might give hospitality even to the great Nonconformist." Lord Ebury puts together so many words without a comma, that we cannot help stopping to take an irregular breath at the word "Nonconformist." The Dean is to give hospitality to the great Nonconformist. We cannot resist the vision called up by the literal and grammatical sense of the words. We picture to ourselves Dr. Milman inviting Mr. Spurgeon to dinner—Lord Ebury, of course, "assisting" at the feast of fraternization. We recover our breath and go on, and find that we have got into the middle of a metaphor. The hospitality of the Dean is to be exercised, not in the Dean's dining-room, but in "his" magnificent receptacle for England's mighty dead." We now begin to understand. "Magnificent receptacle for England's mighty dead" is high-polite for a Cathedral or Collegiate church; and as Deans do not usually give dinner-parties within the walls of their Minsters,

we perceive that "hospitality to the great Nonconformist" is also to be taken in the non-natural sense of setting up an image of bronze of Oliver Cromwell either in the Cathedral or the Abbey. Lord Ebury has fairly won his wreath; the combined efforts of all the literary gentlemen in England—ay, and Scotland to boot—could never surpass this triumphant effort of the noble amateur.

Here are two or three things worth notice. Mark Lord Ebury's definition of a Minster—it is a "magnificent receptacle for England's mighty dead." It seems not to have occurred to Lord Ebury that a church is primarily built as a receptacle for the living. Lord Ebury has clearly never attended any of those popular services, either at St. Paul's or St. Peter's, the establishment of which surely does as much credit to the "two highly-gifted and liberal London Deans" as any amount of hospitality which they can show even to the greatest of Nonconformists. Possibly Lord Ebury prefers, like another peer of an ecclesiastical turn, to worship with Lydia by the river side, or, as did the priests of Baal, under every green tree. Perhaps, when a northern climate forbids this, the great Tabernacle of the great Nonconformist may be more attractive than temples which, in their arrangements and services, still retain a little "smack o' the Paip." Or perhaps it may be that Lord Ebury, whose liturgical speculations are, as the world knows, sometimes a little erratic, may feel his devotion kindled by the idols of William Pitt and other national worthies, and by all the palm-trees, elephants, Britanniæ, and heathen Gods, at which weaker brethren are now and then scandalized. Lord Ebury once wrote to the *Times* to complain that his little boys could not keep up their attention through the long services of Good Friday. Perhaps they only wanted to have their wandering thoughts fixed by such a *Biblia Puerorum* as the "figures emblematic of peace and war," which might fairly pass for a symbolical comment on several passages in the Litany and in the Collect for the Day. But let Lord Ebury beware; statues sometimes change their owners; Protestant wits tell of an image of Jupiter which does duty as St. Peter, and, as such, receives the devout homage of good Catholics. We know a town where the market-place contains a statue of a local baronet, which received a low salaam from an Irishman who took it for Daniel O'Connell. Perhaps, when we have got Liturgical Reform—when we are all allowed to go every one his own way—when every priest says what prayers he likes, and every layman says Amen when he pleases—in those happy days, the idea of "the great Nonconformist" may get mixed up with that of the later Liberator, and the homage meant for Cromwell may gradually be transferred to Ebury. Again, is his Lordship sure that this particular sort of homage would be altogether acceptable to the "mighty dead" himself? The great Nonconformist has—rightly or wrongly—obtained a popular reputation as an iconoclast, as a man who had a special dislike to material monuments and magnificent receptacles of the mighty dead. We very well remember seeing a mutilated image in a church, and being told by our guide, "Oliver Cromwell did that. You know he used to go about to churches, and, whenever he saw anything of that sort, he did break off the toes and the nose. Was it not a foolish trick?" Whether this belief be true or false, it is a very common one, and if it be true, surely there can hardly be a more "foolish trick" than thrusting on the Lord Protector a species of greatness which he so abhorred in others.

It is of course in vain to argue seriously with people like Lord Ebury, who look on a great church as a receptacle only for the dead, and who would stick it all over with images, great and small, reckless alike of ecclesiastical, historical, and architectural propriety. Let us rather help him to an *argumentum ad hominem*. Lord Ebury's hero is not the only one of the heroes of English history who remains tombless and imageless. Waltham, Crowland, Evesham, each has its tale to tell. But we will go higher still. The bones of Alfred, like the bones of Cromwell, have been dug from their grave and cast we know not whither. But no one, unless the devotion of Lord Ebury should take a new twist, would think of repairing the wrong now by choking up the nave of Winchester Cathedral with a colossal image of bronze representing the great King exalted on a pedestal adorned with figures emblematic of Peace and War.

RAILWAY ADMINISTRATION.

THE management of the London and North-Western Railway is, perhaps, less open to criticism than that of most of its rivals; but the Directors have felt themselves compelled to do what a Board never does if it can help it—to give a wide circulation to an apology for indifferent success. One railway system is, in a great measure, a type of all, and the arguments addressed to the North-Western shareholders might have been used by the managers of many other lines. They are not without much plausibility and some truth, but they will scarcely be thought to exhaust the subject, or to justify, to its full extent, the policy of territorial aggrandizement which has been unremittingly pursued for the last fifteen years.

The Directors of the London and North-Western Company have enjoyed the advantage of being assailed by a critic with little judgment and less candour; and they have not neglected to avail themselves of the opportunity which was thus offered to them for making the best of their position. An energetic shareholder had taken up the crude idea that, because it was difficult to manage a large undertaking well, it would be advisable to split it into a dozen sections, and establish as many local boards and secretaries

to work the several portions of the line on independent, and probably conflicting principles. Whatever may be the panacea for railway ills, it can scarcely be Mr. Wrigley's plan. If a Board is so essentially weak a machinery for executive management as it has been, over and over again, proved to be, the evil will scarcely be remedied by multiplying the cause. A single Board is a poor contrivance enough; but a complicated system of a dozen Boards is something too formidable for the finest undertaking in the world to struggle against. We may dismiss all that the Directors say as to Mr. Wrigley's project as wholly beside the broad question of railway management, in which the shareholders of every line are interested. Nor is it necessary to dwell upon the figures by which Mr. Wrigley sought to exaggerate the failure of the past administration. By clever cooking, the decrease of profits, as compared with capital and with working expenses, was made to appear much larger than it really has been; but though this particular line has suffered less than many others, it is notorious that there has been a steady decline in railway dividends during the last fifteen or twenty years. All the great lines have been managed, not with equal skill, but, nevertheless, upon the same broad maxims; and the defence which has issued from Euston Square substantially states the case of railway directors in general.

Shareholders naturally cry out that dividends ought rather to increase than to diminish, and that the downward tendency can only be due to mismanagement somewhere. The answer given is, that a diminution of profit has been the inevitable consequence of events beyond the control either of proprietors or directors, and that nothing but the great tact and assiduous attention of Railway Boards has prevented a still more disastrous result. Which of these is the true view? The shareholders, on their side, point to the growth of population and wealth, and to the vast increase in the quantity of traffic, as causes which could not have failed to add to their dividends, if these natural advantages had not been neutralized by an extravagant, ambitious, and ill-conceived policy. The Directors reply that competition has robbed them of traffic at a rate more rapid than its natural increase, and that their business has only been kept together by the costly system of management which is unjustly charged with all the mischief.

There is undoubtedly some truth in this answer. In the days of 10 per cent. dividends, railways were, for the most part, monopolies. Each had a sort of property in its own section of the public, which had no choice but to use a particular line, and was accommodated about as well as was to be expected from companies possessed of such a monopoly. It was quite impossible that this state of things could continue. The large dividends (fictitious though many of them were) sufficed to ensure speedy and effectual competition. To travel at slow speed, with the minimum of comfort and the maximum of cost, was not what the public was likely to endure, if any kind of competition was practicable. Nor was Parliament at all disposed to sustain the enormous dividends of existing companies by rejecting the proposals of the projectors of competing lines. From the first, therefore, competition was inevitable, and, unless actual or virtual amalgamation may destroy it, it is certain to prevent the average of railway profits rising much beyond the ordinary remuneration of commercial enterprises. A company which divides 5 per cent. can keep its shares at par; and as soon as a considerably higher dividend is compassed, rival lines are certain to be brought forward in the hopes of sharing so excellent a venture. It is even matter of experience that smaller returns than that are quite sufficient to provoke competition; and when it is remembered that the projectors of new schemes may make their own profits, whether their undertakings prove lucrative or not, it follows almost as a necessary consequence, that competition, so long as it exists, will always keep down railway profits to a moderate average. In the case of the London and North-Western line, the dividends have seldom fallen much below a fair remunerative rate; but other companies have fared much worse, and the tendency is certainly not, as a general rule, in an upward direction. The dividends obtained on the whole share capital embarked in railway enterprises do not average 3 per cent., and an undue proportion of this pittance goes to undertakings of the smallest intrinsic value, which have sold or leased themselves to advantage to the larger companies. The fall in the remuneration of railway shareholders has, in short, been much greater than competition alone could have been expected to cause; and it is not surprising that proprietors should attribute the misfortune to injudicious management, and should clamour for a total change of policy.

The truth appears to be, that this aggravation of the inevitable consequence of competition has been due entirely to the refusal of Directors to recognise inevitable facts, and to tolerate the existence of rivals whom they could not extinguish. Instead of submitting quietly to the loss of a monopoly that could not be retained, the Boards of all the important companies have been engaged year after year in fighting a hopeless battle against competition. They have been driven from post to post, rivals have penetrated their territory on every side, worthless lines have been subsidized as positions of attack and defence; and the result of all the warfare has been to leave the principal combatants in the positions they would have held without any warfare at all, but with their capital charges enormously increased to cover the outlay of continuous campaign, and their dividends eaten into by the claims of a host of petty allies who have profited by the dissensions of their belligerent neighbours, and sold themselves to the highest bidder, and almost always at an extravagant price. The question which shareholders will persist in asking is—What

has been gained by this prodigal expenditure? How much of the monopoly which has been fought for, inch by inch, remains even to the most fortunate companies? The Directors of the London and North-Western Company parade their answer to this question, as if it were the strong point of their own defence. After explaining that the old ten per cent. dividends were the fruits of a monopoly of traffic between several of the most important districts of England and Scotland, they tell us, with all the emphasis of large type and capitals, that "the Company no longer enjoys the monopoly of any such traffics." The war which has been waged with so much energy for a score of years has ended in the total destruction of the monopoly which was fought for; and the only consolation which is now suggested is, that as there is nothing to tempt the cupidity of fresh rivals, there is every reason to anticipate a period of quiet but progressive prosperity.

Admitting the truth of this representation, what is it but the strongest condemnation of the whole policy of the Parliamentary struggles, and the extra-Parliamentary arrangements, which have absorbed so vast a proportion of the capital of the chief existing railways? It would be a curious piece of information, though one which will never be made public, to be told how much money has actually been sunk by the great trunk lines in the defence of a monopoly which no longer exists. The London and North-Western Company spared no effort and no cost to keep the Great Northern from tapping the Yorkshire traffic. The effort failed, and the outlay was wasted. Then came another struggle for access to Manchester, and with the same result. The Great Northern, in their turn, did their best to shut out the Midland Company from London, and only obtained an apparent victory on the condition of allowing their own line to be used as an approach to London for their most formidable rival. In every part of England the same struggle has gone on, and always with the same uniform consequences. The Great Western found their way to Birmingham in spite of the most strenuous opposition; and it ought long since to have been understood by railway directors that to fight for monopoly was to engage in a hopeless contest, with the certainty of enormous loss. This they have never acknowledged, and do not seem even yet to comprehend, although they admit the utter failure of all their defensive movements. If the competition of rival lines had been accepted as a necessity many years ago, the railway map would have been pretty much what it now is, the traffic of each line would certainly not have been less, and the only difference would have been that the annual income would have provided a double dividend on half the amount of capital. Nothing that can be urged by Directors will prove that their past policy of contention has been justified by the event; and the best that shareholders can hope is, that, though express admissions of error are withheld, there will be a substantial change in the received railway policy in favour of a more peaceful system than that which has hitherto proved so ruinous.

LITERARY FRAUDS.

IT is not through any wish of our own that we revert to the subject of the fraudulent translation of Mr. Dunlop's book, claiming to be an original work of M. Jules Gérard, which we felt it our duty to expose and denounce last week. But we are compelled to do so in consequence of a statement made by a correspondent of the *Field*, which is contained in the last number of that journal. It is therein maintained, in reply to some animadversions of a Paris contributor or reporter of the *Field*, that no "literary fraud" can be attributed to M. Gérard in this transaction, as his version is preceded by the authorization of "M. le Capitaine Dunlop, de l'armée Anglaise des Indes," which was accorded to M. Gérard by that gentleman in person last year, on the occasion of the French National Rifle meeting at Vincennes. M. Gérard's friend is not a captain nor in the Indian army; but let that pass. Now, if this statement, as it stands, be held to represent the whole truth, or the essential part of the truth, we, on our part, cannot but acknowledge having twice committed an unpardonable oversight, and of having brought forward an unjustifiable and calumnious accusation, unsupported by any evidence whatever; while, at the same time, M. Gérard's publishers, in putting forward the name of that gentleman on the cover or title-page as that of the original author, cannot, at worst, be held guilty of sharper or more unfair practice than the tradesman who tickets the goods in his shop-window, 1*l.* in a large figure, and writes 1*9s. 11*jd.** in barely perceptible characters under its shadow. But our answer is this, which we make clearly and decisively. Neither in the copy which we reviewed in October, nor in that upon which we wrote our article last week, is there one single syllable of such authorization to be found anywhere; nor is there any mention whatever of Mr. Dunlop's name. It should be stated that both these copies were procured separately, early in October, and in France itself. We find, therefore, nothing whatever in our charge to modify or withdraw, and no cause for mitigating the severity of our reprobation. We have, on the other hand, something to add to it, as the following circumstances will show. So distinct and specific a declaration as that of the *Field*'s correspondent could not possibly be considered, in spite of the above facts, as being wholly without foundation. Accordingly, the moment we read it, we procured another copy of M. Gérard's work from a well-known foreign bookseller in London. In this, sure enough, we found Mr. Dunlop's authorization, as quoted in the *Field*—not, however,

"preceding," but following the work, being placed after the index, and after the word *FIN*; so that any reader, on the faith of the title-page, would still go through the book from beginning to end with nothing to tell him that it had been written by any other than its alleged author, further than such suspicions as might occur to him from internal evidence. On further examination, it was evident that the final page in question formed no part of the sheets constituting the book itself, but was simply a separate leaf, subsequently gummed, glued, or pasted on to the original edition. Whether this has been done in France or in England we do not know, nor would the point be otherwise material than as establishing the fact of the publishers having designed to circulate one edition in France, the sale of which would be stimulated by M. Gérard's name, free from any adulterative drawback or suggestion of English authorship, and another edition in England, which would guard against the possible imputation of fraud and piracy by the insertion of Mr. Dunlop's authorization. The best of the joke is, that all the French copies have the words, "Tous droits réservés," which, if they mean anything, mean that Mr. Dunlop may be prosecuted for piratically translating M. Gérard, if he ventures on another edition of his own book.

We are not prepared altogether to deny the correctness of the assertion of the *Field's* correspondent, that the French version of this book is preceded by Mr. Dunlop's written permission. His copy may represent the latest stage of advancing conscientiousness in the publishers' minds, and may have had the separate leaf of authorization pasted into the beginning, and not the end. We have only to add in conclusion, that the new features of the case tend considerably to strengthen the presumption, though they stop short of definitively establishing the fact, of M. Gérard's cognizance of, and complicity in, the fraudulent title-page and cover; and that, consequently, it is the leniency, and not the strength, of our recent expressions towards him that requires modification.

REVIEWS.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.*

THE *Transactions* of the Philological Society during 1858 are not published till 1862; and, though the meetings are held in London, the *Transactions* are published at Berlin. For this last peculiarity no reason is given; but the former is doubtless accounted for in the pathetic complaint of the Honorary Secretary, "that certain members of the Society will not send him for press the Papers they have read at the Society's Meetings." However, it seems that there are certain other members who do, as half the present volume is made up of such papers, the other half consisting of apparently unpublished early English poems. How far the missing papers are to be regretted we cannot say; but we can at least sympathize with Mr. Furnivall when he complains that the *Transactions* have not for a long time boasted of any communication from Dr. Guest.

Among the 'papers, the one which struck us most is that which is least strictly philological, namely, one on "Political Terms," by Mr. Lothair Bucher. We are not sure that we always follow his meaning, but he gives some curious instances of the times at which particular words have crept in, and the way in which they have gradually changed their meaning. He has started a very good subject, which might be more fully worked out. For instance, he quotes a speech of Sir Robert Walpole in 1742, as the first instance he can find of the use of the words *Prime Minister*. Of course Walpole assumes no such title; it is a "mock dignity," a "chimerical authority," conferred on him by his enemies. If we do not mistake, Lord North, a good deal later than Walpole, professed equal ignorance of any such unconstitutional title. Mr. Bucher might have gone on to find out the exact origin of the use of the word *Government* in its modern sense. The "Government of England" used to be "by King, Lords, and Commons;" but "Government" now means a little knot of Privy Councillors, of whom, in their collective capacity, the Law knows nothing. The change in language expresses a change in fact; but we fancy that it is only very lately that the change has been fully recognised in language. We now talk of "the Government" or more commonly of "Government," without the article—of "Lord Palmerston's Government," "Lord Derby's Government," and so forth. Now, unless our memory utterly fails us, men talked, at least as late as the Reform Bill, not of the "Government," but of "the Ministers," or "the Ministry." In Chatham's time the commonest word was "Administration," used, as we do "Government," without the article.

Other words spoken of by Mr. Bucher, not always so clearly as we could wish, are *International*, *Neutralize*, *Pacification*, *Conservative*, *Liberal*, *Intervention*. He goes on to mention several instances in recent treaties where, from the use of ambiguous words, the meaning is far from certain, and about which any Power, which found it its interest to do so, might easily raise controversies. Privateering, we all know, is abolished between certain European Powers; but what of the right of a lawful ship-of-war to seize a merchantman of a hostile nation? Let us hear Mr. Bucher on this and one or two other points:—

I could not subscribe in full to the opinion of Sir G. Cornwall Lewis that "where the several languages use native technical terms, their equivalent to the corresponding terms in other languages is settled." It has been the fate

of the learned author to assent, as Minister of the Crown, to the celebrated Declaration of Maritime Law, annexed to the treaty of Paris. Now the English version of that document is:—

"1. *Privateering* is, and remains, abolished."

But the French text runs:—

"1. La course est, et demeure, abolie."

La course is defined, in the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*; l'an VII, to mean:—

"Acte d'hostilité que l'on fait en courant les mers."

The edition of 1835 adds:—

"Se dit spécialement en parlant des corsaires."

It is to be hoped, for the best interests of the world, that the question, whether hostilities of the regular naval power against merchantmen are done away with by that paragraph, may never be discussed elsewhere than in philological societies.

I conclude by quoting three instances of different character, taken from recent diplomatic transactions.

In the negotiations preceding the Russian war and running parallel with it, the demand was raised to *considérer* les droits des Chrétiens. *Considérer* means to make firm. The demand was approved of in English, in these words—"to consolidate the rights of the Christians." To *consolidate* means to sum up in one statute the enactments of many others, and in this sense the word was retranslated into French, and at last realized in the Hatti Humayun.

In the beginning of the year 1854, before the declaration of war, a perfect harmony was not yet established between the English and the French on the policy of entering the Black Sea. Identical instructions, therefore, were issued to the commanders of both squadrons to make the Russian fleet retire; in English to require them, in French to *contraindre* them. *Contraindre* is "force, oblige par force."

In another instance, the want of agreement has veiled itself, not in an incorrect translation, but in the ambiguity of a single term. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty forbids the contracting powers to *occupy* the American Isthmus, concealing, under the twofold meaning of to *take possession* and to *keep possession*, the difficulty whether existing occupations are to be given up or not.

Take another instance of abuse of language:—

One may safely affirm beforehand that the word *Aristocracy* has been part and parcel of the English language from a very early period. But the Attorney-General in Horne Tooke's trial (1795) in enumerating the new opinions propagated by the friends of the accused, and the new terms in which they conveyed those opinions, says—"To the rich was given the name *aristocracy*;" and in considering this application of the term as a new one, he is evidently quite correct.

Now, "Aristocracy" is the name of a particular form of Government; it is an abuse of language to apply it to a class of people. Yet, when one says, "the Government of Berne was an aristocracy," it is a very slight change to speak of "the aristocracy of Berne," meaning the patrician order, or its members. The word was doubtless brought into use in England because the class which it was intended to stigmatize as an "aristocracy" was a class more extensive than the "nobility," in the English use of that word. Now the name has ceased to be a stigma. The words "aristocrat," "aristocratic," "aristocracy," are often used in a complimentary way. But, to our taste at least, there is always a smack of vulgarity about them.

Mr. Bucher remarks again:—

The third phase in the history of a political term, the tendency to break away from the trammels of scientific definition, does not call for particular comment, nor does it need particular recommendation. Looking at the interests involved apart from philology, it is, perhaps, that of paramount importance. A word just now indulging in this inclination, and, therefore, to be watched attentively, is *guaranty* (spelt with a *y*). Webster (1845) gives the correct definition:—"An undertaking or engagement by a third person or party that the stipulations of a treaty shall be observed by the contracting parties or by one of them." Everybody will remember how completely, within the last four years, this strictly defined term has run loose, certainly not for the benefit either of popular discussion, or of political transactions.

Mr. Bucher might also have mentioned the strange confusion between *guaranty* and *guarantee*, or, rather, the taboo which the printers have put upon the former word. If one ventures to write the word *guaranty*, the tyrant who so diligently changes one's good spelling into bad is sure to alter it into *guarantee*. Yet a *guaranty* is one thing, and a *guarantee* is another; or, rather, a *guaranty* is a thing, and a *guarantee* is a person. To use "guarantee" for "guaranty" is about as reasonable as to use "mortgage" for "mortgagor." If diplomats had condescended to write the word, English-fashion, "warranty," as one does when speaking of a horse, the confusion might perhaps have been avoided.

But the words to which Mr. Bucher has given most care are *opinion*, *public opinion*, on which he gives a really curious essay:—

My earliest certificates of existence of the compound *public opinion* are, in French, the New Heloise, 1759, in English the despatch of Lord Stormont of January 20, 1781. In Ferguson's *History of the Roman Empire*, 1783, it occurs three times; in his *Essay on Civil Society*, 1767, the same idea is fully treated of, but expressed otherwise. In the first five instances, embracing the time from 1781 to 1796, the definite article is invariably added — *the public opinion*. This addition would be very unusual now-a-days; I doubt whether any living writer would put it so. In consulting various grammars I have not found any satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon in the growth of language. My impression is, in this individual case, that the loss of the article corresponds with the rise of the word from the dry term of the historian and the half-smirking expression of the diplomatist to the name of a personified power, a *numen*. And if that be the case, we may, in the further loss, recently to be observed, of the adjective *public*, in the use of the simple word *opinion*, trace its further flight to a perfect deity or a perfect nothing.

The omission of the article is of course analogous to the case which we have already quoted about "government" and "administration."

We can fill up a gap in Mr. Bucher's list of extracts, which,

* *Transactions of the Philological Society*. Berlin: A. Asher & Co. 1858.

between 1796 and 1814, are rather scanty. In 1801 President Jefferson talks of "the mighty wave of *public opinion* which has rolled over our republic" (Tucker's *Life of Jefferson*, ii. 101); and presently after (*ib.* p. 102), "It is a contest of *opinion* in politics as well as religion." And Mr. Bucher's remark, that the word *opinion* was always used unfavourably, helps to make a mad speech of George Fox, quoted by Lord Macaulay, a little less mad. The Quaker "did deny all opinions." This to modern ears seems mere nonsense; but Mr. Bucher's quotations explain it. We might go on to ask when the word *opinion* got its technical use among barristers? Also, when and why did barristers exchange their rational name of *counsellors* (often used of old as a sort of title of honour) for the meaningless *counsel*? The old phrase, "Mr. A. is of *counsel* to Mr. B.," is sense; but "Mr. A. is Mr. B.'s *counsel*," or "*counsel for* Mr. B." is, begging the learned gentlemen's pardon, clearly nonsense. Not, indeed, that it is any greater nonsense than such ungrammatical jargon as "Her Majesty the Queen," instead of the good old rational form, "the Queen's Majesty."

The more strictly philological papers are on various subjects. Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood gives us some of his speculations on English etymology, from which, odd as some of his theories are, much may always be learned. A writer who, like Mr. Wedgwood, gives plenty of quotations and cognate forms, supplies his reader with the means of refuting him, if necessary. Mr. Aufrecht discusses some Latin etymologies, as also two passages from the Iguvine tables, on which we should be sorry to pronounce any judgment without a previous conference with Sir Cornewall Lewis. From other papers, as those of Mr. Pulszky and Dr. Lottner, we gather that Professor Max Müller's views are not universally accepted, and that Dr. Lottner especially is meditating something very terrible—*iōyā̄tai ri čiōv iōyōn kai piya*—against the Turanian theory. We have not the slightest objection to fair discussion of any matter, but we must remark that Professor Müller's Turanian theory has nothing whatever to do with the vague talk about "Scyths," "Hamites," and what not, with which Dr. Lottner seems rather to mix it up. Any one who, in the course of Greek or Teutonic studies, has acquired the habit of attaching a meaning to the words which he uses, will wish Dr. Lottner all possible good luck against the Scyths and the Hamites. But we do not as yet see that their discomfiture will at all tell against Professor Müller. We are, however, quite ready to wait till we can hear Dr. Lottner more at length.

There are two papers by the Rev. Francis Crawford, which may probably be found to contain useful suggestions towards the great philological question as to the connexion between the Semitic and the Aryan languages. Just as in the case of Mr. Wedgwood, whether Mr. Crawford be right or wrong in his theory, his mere accumulation of facts is worth having. But Mr. Crawford does not approach his subject in a very scientific way. Unless we misunderstand him, his object seems to be to establish a connexion, not between the Aryan family and the Semitic family, but between the Aryan family and the particular Hebrew language. He goes so far as to say that—

There exists betwixt the primary elements of the Hebrew language and several members of the Indo-European family a relationship so intimate, that it is not without some show of reason that the inference suggests itself that the ancient basis of the Hebrew language was in its origin essentially Indo-European, though at some remote period modified and disguised by the superinduction of a Semitic formation.

So, again, Mr. Crawford says:—

On looking over the foregoing examples it will be observed that the greater part of them are taken from the Anglo-Saxon language, which will be found, on examination, a most useful auxiliary in the investigation of the ultimate forms of Hebrew.

And he adds, in a note:—

Nor is this so much to be wondered at, if we believe, with the compiler of the *Compendious Anglo-Saxon Dictionary*, that "the Saxons, like all the Teutons or Germans, were of Oriental origin"—(Roszworth, *Proof*).

Teutons or Germans, were of Oriental origin.—(Bosworth, *Pray.*) Now, ambiguous and unlucky as was Professor Bosworth's expression of "Oriental origin," and wild as is his notion of a connexion between *Saxons* and *Sakai*, we feel sure that he did not mean "Oriental" in the sense in which Mr. Crawford seems to understand it. Professor Bosworth certainly did not mean to encourage the theory that we are all Jews, or at least Israelites, and that *Saxon* really means *I-sauces-son*. It is quite possible that, among the many instances which Mr. Crawford has collected, he may have hit upon some real analogies between the Aryan and Semitic tongues. But, to prove his particular point, he should have shown that the Hebrew roots which he holds to be analogous to Aryan roots are peculiar to Hebrew. Now, one need only turn over the pages of a Hebrew Lexicon to see that many of them are also Arabic, Syriac, or Chaldee. It is clear that, if Mr. Crawford proves anything at all, he proves much more than he thinks.

Mr. Crawford's theory is, that many of the trilateral roots are really compound with prefixes and affixes. Thus, in בְּלַע, בְּרַע, he makes the roots to be לָעַ and רָעַ respectively, and these he compares with the Old-English *lesan* and the Latin *quævere*. But, to make no other objection, the word בְּלַע occurs only once in the Old Testament (Amos vii. 14), and there, not in the general sense of *to gather*, but in the special sense, according to Gesenius, of "to gather (or rather to *scrape* or *rub*) sycamore fruit." Gesenius connects it with Arabic and *Aethiopic* words meaning figs or sycamore fruit. To connect an *dīzāg* *aryāpērōv* of this sort with an Aryan root seems rather dangerous. In fact, one is always a little afraid of Hebrew; so many people take it up as a matter not of

philology, but of religious duty; when this is the case, there is no hope for them.

Much in the same way, M. de Haan Hettema gives a long list of words to prove the special connexion between English and Frisian. Now, we believe there is no sort of doubt that Frisian really is our next of kin among continental tongues. But it is not proved to be so merely by writing down long columns of words and forms which are the same in English and in Frisian. You can do the same with English and High-German, or with English and Scandinavian. A much shorter list of words or forms common to English and Frisian, but unknown in High-German, or Scandinavian, would go much further towards proving M. de Haan Hattema's point. The error is just the same as that of M. Worsaae, when he went through England, and set down every word, name, or custom common to England and Denmark as due to the Danish settlers in England. Some of them doubtless were so, but many more were Anglian or Saxon as much as Danish, and the connexion was simply the general connexion between all the branches of the Teutonic race.

Teutonic race.
Mr. Ernest Adams has a curious paper "on the Names of Ants, Earwigs, and Beetles." This reminds us of a good misprint in a local paper, by which the words, "Dr. Guest's well-known familiarity with earth-works were converted into "Dr. Guest's well-known familiarity with earth-worms."

The late Mr. Herbert Coleridge communicates a short paper "on the word 'Gallow,' as used by Shakspeare." The word occurs once, in *King Lear*:—

The wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the night.

We have not the least doubt that Mr. Coleridge was right in explaining *gallow* by *frighten*, not by *dazzle*. We are delighted to be able to quote an instance of the word as still in use. A Devonshire lad is chasing some goslings, and is thus rebuked by the owner; "What for yu *gally* the giesen-chick?" The form "iesen-chick," also, cannot be too much admired. In Gloucestershire the youthful goose is less appropriately known as a *gull*.

We are sorry that we have left ourselves no room to speak of the early English poems which form the second, and, to our mind, the most valuable part of the volume.

MADAME DE GIRARDIN.*

A S, one by one, the lights fall from the intellectual firmament of France, and there gathers steadily over the empire the inevitable darkness that may be felt, the lapse even of a minor luminary cannot be regarded without melancholy and ominous significance. Of the class of clever and cultivated women who dominated the *salons* of Paris while Paris still retained the life of her *salons*, and of whom Madame Récamier was the acknowledged queen, no lesser potentate drew towards herself greater homage, or wielded a more influential sway, than Madame Emile de Girardin. Under her maiden name, Delphine Gay, she at an early age attained precocious success, both in literature and society. From her mother, Sophie Gay, the indefatigable playwright, the wife, and subsequently the widow, of a receiver-general under the Empire, she inherited not only talents of a high order, but a position of eminence among the first intellectual and aesthetic circles of Paris. Few names are more familiar than that of Sophie Gay in the records of light French literature a generation or two back. Her imagination was lively and unbounded; and if her talents were not of the highest quality, her industry was immense. Plays and romances by the score, with songs of which both words and music were her own, established and kept up her celebrity until her death, in 1852. She lived chiefly at Versailles; and though her means were slender, her house was the resort of all the best poets, actors, artists, and *littérateurs*.

Under the stimulus of this intellectual hotbed, Delphine, her third daughter, born January 26, 1804, rapidly developed into mental precocity. At fifteen she was already the *lionne* of a choice and critical circle. Pretty, vivacious, and romantic, she was petted with the worship, and even pictured in the attitude, of a Muse, and saluted with the title of "Corinne." In 1822 she competed for the prize of the Academy on the devotion of medical men and Sisters of Mercy during the plague at Barcelona. Her poem, *Les Sœurs de Ste. Camille*, rejected on a point of form, was decreed worthy of an extraordinary premium, and recited amidst plaudits at the public session of the Academy. A volume of *Essais* in verse formed her first publication, in the same year. Perhaps her most striking talent lay in improvised poetry. Some lines of hers, thrown off impromptu, over the grave of General Foy, were chosen for inscription on his monument. About the same date, she pleaded with girlish enthusiasm the cause of Greek independence in a poetical piece entitled *La Quête*. In August of next year she started with her mother on a tour through Italy, having previously been granted by Charles X. a pension of 1,500 francs. Lamartine, in his preface to the present volume of her remains, gives a sentimental account of his coming on the track of two unknown ladies, the younger of whom, from the courier's rapt description of her as *la première improvisatrice de la France*, he at once recognised as Delphine Gay, for whose acquaintance he had long sighed. His introduction was effected amid the echoes of the falls of Terni. Between two such congenial spirits an ardent friendship was instantaneously struck up, and renewed on his return

* *Esprit de Madame de Girardès.* Avec Préface par M. de Lamartine.
1862.

[November 22, 1862.]

four years later to Paris. Meanwhile, the young poetess was making a sensation at Rome, elected a member of the Academy of the Tiber, and conducted to the capitol with the honours of her titular prototype, Corinna. Patriotic in every aspiration, if not slightly elevated by so much incense, she was not thought unduly pretentious, says M. Sainte-Beuve, in arrogating to herself even a higher title than that of an elegiac sister of the nine. She would be to posterity the Muse of Patriotism : —

Et fiers après ma mort de mes vers inspirés,
Les Français, me pleurant comme une sœur chérie,
M'appelleront un jour Muse de la Patrie !

Returning to Paris in 1827, Delphine became, four years later, the wife of Emile de Girardin, who had already given, as a young littérateur, unmistakable prognostics of his future eminence as a journalist and politician. Previously to this, she had begun to write novels with marked success. From 1836 to 1848 she contributed to *La Presse*, her husband's paper, a series of *Lettres Parisiennes*, signed *Vicomte de Launay* — chatty comments on metropolitan manners, and graphic records of the gossip and scandals of the salons. Dramatic pieces and proverbs were her forte, and her *Lady Tartufe*, and *La joie fait peur*, still remain stock-pieces at the "Français." Two tragedies, *Judith* and *Cleopatre*, were composed by her expressly for Rachel. Celebrities of both sexes, from the stage, the press, the world of art, politics, and letters, flocked to her bright and animated coteries. Balzac, Soulié, Châteaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Rachel, Mars, and the epicene Georges Sand, were among the devotees to this tenth muse. Her gay, yet proud and grandiose beauty, pale with emotion and thought — her beaming blue eyes, fair floating hair, and voluptuous white majestic bust and arm — her music of voice and brilliant fence of repartee, are dwelt upon as gifts of irresistible power by all who came under their spell. To her victims she was generous and tender in the use of her weapons. "Elle n'en usait (says M. Sainte-Beuve) ni pour tourmenter les hommes, ni pour accabler les femmes." Her eloquence, piquancy, and invincible *bonhomie* reminded Jules Janin of Madame de Staél. To the eyes of Lamartine she was now the Vittoria Colonna of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle, now a feminine Belvedere Apollo. In earlier days a certain dash of mischief and *brusquerie* in her loveable temperament had prompted the poet to rebaptize the *bonne enfant* of the nursery with the more hoydenish epithet, *bon garçon*. Maturing in majesty of look and mien, she appealed to him a Niobe, weeping for the children she had never had. "She would have been a grand mother for a son." *Elle aurait eu le lait des lions!* In the first freshness of her personal and literary charms, a kind of back-stairs plot had been got up, he declares, among certain hangers-on of the Court, unknown to her mother or herself, to engage Delphine in amorganistic marriage with the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. The conscience of the dull and superstitious prince raised up impediments which probably saved her from so dubious an elevation, and the people from becoming the victims of a bigoted royalist clique, through the agency of a new Diane de Poitiers or Madame de Maintenon. Faithful to his vow at the death-bed of Madame de Polastron, Charles would reserve henceforth his heart for God. Her fame having culminated with her happiness under the Restoration, she could feel neither loyalty nor regret towards the monarchy of July. *Ce régime avait péri de prosaïsme.* The Republic, for the same reason, awoke in her but slight enthusiasm. In her friend, Lamartine, she might indeed, as he himself modestly hints, have welcomed the rule of a Pericles — a *euthanasia* of taste and intellect, embodied in forms of classic republicanism. But to the military dictatorship which rose out of the first weak provisional government she sternly denied allegiance. Her husband's independent attitude led to his arbitrary incarceration at the hands of the chief of the State. The vengeance of Madame de Girardin wreaked itself in a poetical attack upon Cavaignac, the only bitter lines she was ever induced to pen. Shrinking from the chill and uncongenial atmosphere of the Empire, with its gag upon the press, its spies in every *salon*, its dead hand upon the intellect of the country, its despotism no longer tempered by epigrams, her later life became one of reticence as regarded public affairs, broken, however, by the fame of her dramatic and literary triumphs. Her death, on the 29th of June, 1855, from rapid disease of the lungs, surprised her most intimate friends, and threw Paris into transports of merited grief; and her funeral had the air of a public mourning.

The works of Madame de Girardin are not, perhaps, so well known in this country as they deserve to be. Pervaded even to excess with the light but artificial air of the *salon* life of Paris, which they portray without a rival, they may be thought comparatively wanting in that freshness and truth of nature which is necessary to a lasting European reputation.

Her *petites comédies* are happy in plan and situation, sprightly and naïve in dialogue, and sustain their characters with point and *verve*. In tragedy, her fondest admirers will scarcely claim for her the palm with which the genius of the French language seems to tantalize, only to mock the hopes of ambitious rhymesters. Her proper genius was eminently that of *impromtu*, and her chief repute was won by her constitutional force and vigour in conversation. The short and fragmentary volume of her remains, *L'Esprit de Madame de Girardin* — made up, apparently, in part of scattered jottings from her pen, in part of the reminiscences of friends — gives as faithful an impression of her intellectual and social parts as is compatible with the absence of those living and incommunicable adjuncts which belong to the voice and manner of the speaker. Arranged under sections and headings, her desultory

musings fall into the form of an agreeable commonplace book of French sentiments and manners, from which amusing selections might be made at hazard. Proud of her sex, she sees everything through a feminine medium. *Les Femmes, l'Amour, la Beauté, la Toilette, le Monde et la Conversation* — such are samples of the themes on which the lively moralist *en jupes*, with not the least affectation of *bas bleus*, descants to the Paris of yesterday. Her satire is keen, yet without venom. The railing in which she disguises the cure diverts attention from the sore part on which it is made to touch. Not Mr. Buckle himself could make more of the influence of women upon ideas : —

Les hommes se croient bien forts, bien ingénieux, et ils n'ont pas une bonne idée qui ne leur vienne des femmes.

L'homme le plus profond est un innocent à côté de la plus simple femme.

And then their courage! "On a stormy day, the men pass in cabs, the women draggle in the mud. Eight in every ten who go by are women." The young men of the day can neither suffer nor work. They can bear neither pain, poverty, nor fatigue, neither heat nor cold — no, nothing but *insults*. They take the best side of the street, the most comfortable seats, from the ladies. Look at that busy shopwoman, all day chaffering, minding the children, mending clothes, melting away over her *bouilloire*. Where is the workman, her husband? Smoking his pipe at the *cabaret*. Follow that pale, pretty woman, running to give her fifth music lesson, three more to follow this afternoon. She has just passed her husband walking with an actress from a minor theatre. That poor wife, with the shabby jaded air, is eking out a meagre existence by hack literary work. Where is monsieur? Playing billiards at the *café*, and making small jokes upon female scribblers. In yonder bureau is a Minister's wife, scheming, talking, wearing out her busy brains for the noodle who sits at *whist* at his club. Sacrifices unknown to Rome or Sparta are met by them with a gush of wifely enthusiasm. A stoic of their sex, going to the ball of the season, has been known to turn away from the most tempting *parties*, the most delicious sprays in the *magasin*. She is thinking of the purse of *le mari*. "C'est trop cher. Je mettrai ma vieille guirlande." It is sublime! "Cela fait venir les larmes aux yeux!" One fault alone women possess, and it is their ruin. "Leur vanité est un abîme où l'on se perd." Every man thinks himself charming. That keeps him from being envious. Women, more modest, are haunted by self-distrust, and enter life with a vague jealousy. What vanity is in the one sex, self-esteem is in the other. The difference is clearly marked. French and English women, again, are well contrasted. The slightest action of an English woman is the result of a resolution. "Elles ne désirent jamais ; elles veulent." Their style of walking, talking, loving, and praying — all comes from decision. "Elles s'embarquent pour toutes choses." This is part of their insular nature. The vivacity, the impulse, the *abandon* of her French sister is to the *Anglaise* unknown. Prudes are made up of *depth*. It is not that the amorous sentiment is unknown, but that it absorbs and inwardly devours them. Their mind is never pure from the idea. "Eh ! c'est pour cela qu'elles sont prudes ; le voile n'est si épais que parce qu'il y a beaucoup à cacher." Why is the Salic law peculiar to the French, the race of paladins and troubadours, worshippers of women? Jealousy on the part of men is the cause. In England, Russia, Germany, and Greece the men are superior in wits to women. Not so in France. "Une Française a plus d'esprit qu'un Français." Hence the relation of the sexes is one of perpetual feud. "Tout Français déteste la femme qu'il aime. Toute Française considère l'être adoré comme son plus mortel ennemi." And the lover's triumph is to find out some frightful defect — some irremediable fault in the cherished object. Then the victory is won. "Je la tiens," dit l'un. "Il ne m'échappera pas," dit l'autre. A Frenchman, then, can only love a woman when he thinks he can look down upon her. And this is sweet, because it is so difficult. Stupidity is natural to men. Just two per cent. of the sex may be called *spirituels*. But our female cynic, after seeking for fifteen years, has only found one woman who was entirely stupid ; "and she had a brother more stupid than herself." No wonder, accordingly, that, whether he knows it or not, every man is led by some woman. The writer lived, she tells us, six months in a little town in Touraine. There, all the husbands were led by their wives, one only excepted, "who was led by the wife of another man." Kings proverbially indulge their vassals in no favours but such as dull and degrade them. "If Prometheus had stolen the heavenly fire to light his cigar, the gods would have let him take it." The lords of creation are, with the same subtlety, indulgent to their female slaves. Apropos to cigars, however, their own vices will not be long in turning the tables upon the tyrants. We are half-ashamed to betray Madame de Girardin's confidence, and let the conspiracy peep out. Tobacco is the subtle instrument of the plot. We were to have had a special treatise — *De l'Emancipation des femmes par le tabac*. Frenchwomen despise their proud destiny. Disguising their hatred for the disgusting fumes, they force upon their fond victims cigar-cases broderied with their tresses, tobacco pouches wrought and painted by their sweet fingers, *brûle-gueules* flavoured even by their own lips, and smuggle from the Havannah or from Ind the most fragrant weed. Credulous Frenchmen, beware! Circe is drugging her cup — Lucrezia distils her potions. The cannibal seasons on aromatic herbs the victim intended to be devoured. *Le tabac bétateur* is, in the hands of the female enchantress, the philtre which shall enslave the master to his mistress, the spell which shall prostrate sage Merlin on the lap of wanton Vivien. A vial of wrath is poured upon the male half of humanity. Nor is quarter to be expected from the generosity of the conquerors. With cruel

candour, Madame de Girardin opens our eyes to a last trait in the moral portraiture of her sex. "The rarest thing in France, next to a stupid woman, is a woman who is generous!" Worse than all, an old philosopher, we are told, is right—that every Frenchwoman has a certain "dose of infernality." Not that she has exactly signed a compact with Satan. Oh no! No Frenchwoman ever compromises herself in writing. "But he pays his attentions, and she is always coqueting with him."

We have sufficiently indicated the peculiar aroma of the *esprit de Madame de Girardin*. Those who are familiar with her portraits by Chasserai (engraved by Blanchard) and Hersent, will see in her sparkling chit-chat the reflection of that quick and kindly soul to which her piquant countenance formed the most expressive index. Her own lines, from her early poem, *Napotine*, may be cited as embodying a scarcely less characteristic portraiture of her mental qualities:—

Naïve en sa gaîté, rieuse et point méchante,
Sublime en son courage, en sa douleur touchante ;
Ayant un peu d'orgueil peut-être pour défaut,
Mais femme de génie et femme comme il faut.

RAGGED LIFE IN EGYPT.*

"RAGGED LIFE" is a term culled from that philanthropical vocabulary which has lately come so much into vogue. Benevolence, now-a-days, runs much after names, and follows suit with a curious readiness. First of all, we had Ragged Schools; then Ragged Homes; then, with a pleasing purity and constancy of metaphor, Mended Homes; and now that we are well advanced in ragged lore, or the lore of those who are ragged, Miss Whately unfolds for us the life of those who are ragged in Grand Cairo. Wherever, in short, the word "ragged" can be colourably thrust in, there the philanthropical instinct owns a powerful attraction, which says much for the estimation in which clothes are now held (can Professor Teufelsdröckh's treatise be at length bearing fruit upon British soil?), and not a little for the value set upon outside appearance in general. It is, at any rate, a thing not to be denied, that several schemes finding favour in those quarters where the term "ragged" operates as a trumpet-call to exertion, bear about them the stamp of superficiality. They are too often the children of feelings which play upon the outside of things, not of thought and judgment which penetrate the interior. A superficial estimate is taken, not of rags only, but of benevolence itself, of "doing good," and of those people upon whose persons or condition the operation of doing good is to be performed. Means are raised to the dignity of ends, and ends are occasionally sought by some lofty *coup de bienfaisance* without a prudent consideration of the necessarily intervening means.

The question that arises on reading Miss Whately's book is something of the following kind:—Was this energetic and sensible worker engaged upon a task sound in itself, and therefore likely to be of permanent service? or was she only a ragged apostle, a sentimental emissary to those who are attractively ragged? That she has been something higher than this may be partly inferred from her expressed aims. "Something," she says, "seems wanting between the general report of missionaries in regular stations and the vague and hasty sketches of rapid travellers. . . . We seem to want particulars concerning the lower classes (who usually constitute the majority of every society), so as to be able to bring them in some degree before our minds." The same testimony to her good sense may be inferred with greater confidence from the seven months' drill of inconvenience, occasional hardship, and constant hard work through which she put herself in the Moslim quarter of Bab-el-Bahar (Gate of the River) in Cairo. While yet a mere *rasheen* in Egypt (such is the native term for a new-comer), Miss Whately set about the task of house-hunting in person. A house in the Coptic quarter had been strongly recommended. It was found with staircase half finished, walls not plastered, nor windows glazed; while the workmen, strikingly exemplifying the results of forced labour, were lying fast asleep on heaps of shavings in one of the rooms into which they had been locked, that they might work. After many failures, the house-hunters at length came upon their future home in one of the Moslim quarters. The sly Coptic owner promised, "on his head," to have all ready in seven days, the necessary preparations being about two days' work for English operatives; but when the eighth day came, and the ladies with baggage on their ox-cart appeared at the door, he was a good deal disconcerted by being taken at his word, and permitted them to sweep out rooms and arrange furniture for themselves. The prime object of this bold settlement was to start a school for Moslim maidens in connexion with the *Society for the Education of Females in the East*. Miss Whately soon found that sitting in-doors and waiting for candidates to present themselves would never answer. Prizes of sugar-cane, and exhibitions payable in improved clothing, would have proved quite ineffectual, without a personal scouring of the alleys and streets. Even then it was found that the same kind of feeling was roused in the mind of the Cairo matrons by the proposal to educate their daughters, that would be expressed by a cottage-wife in England if she were asked to allow her cat to go to school. However, by two or three hours' recruiting, Miss Whately succeeded in getting nine Moslim girls to start with, who were taught to read, to sew (which was the great attraction), and to sing. Their first discordant

attempts at a gamut (Mr. Hullah tells us that Oriental music is fundamentally and systematically diverse from our own) might have suggested the belief that the cats, instead of the daughters, had been secured as pupils. But in three months the sweet singing of the children was what visitors most admired in the school, which shows that there is no organic disqualification in Egyptians, at least, for conversion to Western beliefs and practice about scales and tones. Miss Whately thus modestly and pleasantly sketches her school at its commencement; the elder married girl here mentioned reappears at intervals through the book, and adds much to the interest of the narrative:—

Though ragged and dirty, the children had not in general the starved looks of too many scholars in our beloved country; nor do ragged clothes and dirty faces imply such a degree of poverty as with us. In the higher classes, a child is often intentionally kept dirty to avoid the evil eye; and, perhaps, this feeling may have given the idea that ragged clothes were no disgrace. In the country villages, a blue cotton shirt is the unvarying costume of boys and girls, the latter having the addition of a veil, the former of a cotton cap. But, in the city, dress is more varied, and most of the scholars wore coloured print trousers and little jackets, or some other article; they looked much as if the contents of an old clothesman's bag had been scattered over them at random, as there was not one of the nine in whole or well-fitting garments. Still, when (between coaxing and a little manual aid) the young faces were all washed clean, they were not a bad-looking circle; several had very pretty features—the soft, black eye of Egypt has great beauty—and they all have white and even teeth.

On the second day we had fourteen scholars. As they entered, each kicked off her slippers, if she possessed any, at the door (I think that more than half had some kind of shoe), and then went up to kiss the hand of the superintendent, and lay it on her head; both which processes became pleasanter when cleanly habits had come a little into fashion! One little thing was led in by an elder sister, a fine, tall girl, about fourteen or fifteen, wearing the common blue cotton garment, with its limp drapery, and a pink net one within it, and what resembled some one's old table-cloth upon her head. This was *Shoh!*—a name almost impossible to render correctly by writing, except, perhaps, by a note of admiration to imply the sudden stop of the sound; it signifies "ardently loved!"

We did not know at this time that Shoh was married, and only supposed she thought herself too old to come to school, though manifestly wishing to do so. She came in and out, listening and smiling, and at last, about noon-day, again returned, bringing an infant brother, in a very dirty condition, riding on her shoulder, and a quantity of oranges in the end of her veil. These last she poured into my lap, being a present to show her good-will, and at almost the same instant the baby was adroitly lowered from the shoulder and popped upon the floor, with a bit of sugar-cane stuffed into his little hand; while Shoh planted herself triumphantly on the mat at my feet, and seizing an alphabet-card, began repeating "Alef-beh" in an undertone.

The love of learning, or curiosity to see and hear something new, had conquered matronly dignity, and from that time she paid frequent visits to the school.

Out of school, this zealous and sensible worker found her favourite relaxation, not in the moist, mosquito-thronged gardens of the city, but in the desert itself. The rocks and cliffs afforded a certain degree of shade, and a small tent was generally carried out on a donkey to be used in the two hours about noon. A ravine called Wady Asfer (Yellow Valley) was the chief resort. It is described by Miss Whately in the manner of one who has often sketched its lines and colours:—

This spot was a delightful resort in the fine days of winter, in spite of the absence of a single blade of vegetation; the peculiar desert atmosphere producing chameleon-like changes of colour, which relieved it from the charge of monotony. The Wady was shut in by cliffs of yellow ochre, which appeared quite golden, when caught by the afternoon sunbeams, broken here and there by volcanic rocks of red or dark grey, which rose in irregular steps on each side, and from the different levels were obtained a variety of views of the distant city. The cliff terminated in a high plateau, extending all along the ridge of hills, called Gibel-el-Hashib, leading to the petrified forest; on the other side they stretched nearly up to the red mountain, which rose quite distinct from the yellow rocks and sandy slopes which encompassed it, and stood like a strange red mushroom in the plain. Looking up the ravine towards Cairo, we could see the distant Nile shimmering in the bright sunshine, or blending with the surrounding gardens into soft blue and purple hues, in which the white domes and roofs stood out like specks of snow. Nearer to the eye, just at the verge of the desert, were the scattered groups of the Sultans' tombs, in various degrees of preservation, but all beautiful. They are built of warm-coloured sandstone, in the graceful Saracenic style, with its curved lines and rounded forms, which seemed turned to gold where they catch the sunlight.

Many a donkey-boy now knows the name of Wady Asfer, and many a quiet sleep has he enjoyed under its overhanging rocks, while his patient ass stood beside him, and his employers were seeking fossils or making sketches.

Surprised one day in this retreat by a wandering party of Bedouins, Miss Whately was induced to penetrate some way into the desert in the hope of finding the village to which they belonged. The unbounded contempt entertained by the Copts towards the Bedouins is well known, and some colour for the common saying that, "Bedouins are like stones" is certainly to be gathered from the following conversation, which took place at the village just mentioned. We commend it as a rare instance of the vast resources enjoyed by Eastern impossibility. What is to be done with an antagonist who is prepared to go on conceding in an endless retreat (as it were) of concessions, and who seems to have wildernesses in his brain as vast as the deserts of his home, into which retreat may be indefinitely continued. The Socratic elenchus would have worked but feebly under an over-weight of concession like what follows:—

"We are Arabs," said the conqueror, "and do not understand what we have heard."
"You do not think, and that is why you do not understand anything."
"Exactly so, I do not think."
"But you are not a camel or an ass; you have a soul within you."
"Oh, certainly! A soul, yes!"
"Well, then, you ought to think."
"Yes, yes, that is true."

On returning from one of these desert trips, Miss Whately had

* *Ragged Life in Egypt*. By M. L. Whately, Member of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. London : Seeley & Co. 1862.

a sight of the pilgrims going to Mecca, mounted on camels, and accompanied by a Bedouin guard :—

The bright rays of the setting sun seemed to gild the white robes of the pilgrims, and the orange hues of the sky were reflected on the sand at their feet, throwing a glow over every object, almost mysterious in its beauty. The stately camels were laden with tents, carpets, and water-skins, and all kinds of miscellaneous packages,—a green and yellow umbrella generally forming part, and rather injuring the romantic effect.

The pilgrims from West Africa had wide-brimmed hats of grass or straw hanging behind their shoulders, to be used next day when the sun should be hot, and with the flowing white robes assumed on this journey alike by poor and rich, and their scraps at their sides, they really looked like the very ideal of pilgrims. Several women were among the company, and added their shrill *zaghareet* (the tinkling cry used on all festive occasions) to the melodious though wild tune chanted by the men, and called the "Pilgrim's Song." Some of these women wore their own blue dress, but most were in white *haiks* (or long woollen robes), like the men ; the older ones had no face veil, and their weary, careworn faces made one sad to look at. The pilgrimage follows the fast of Ramazan, and that year (1861) came therefore in the hottest time. It occupies four months at the least, they say, and the fatigues and risks of such a journey, through the burning desert of Arabia, at such a season, must be terrible for women to endure.

To the foregoing extracts we must append one more, which will tell its own tale. The narrator has been talking of the house-roofs, in Cairo, and of the accumulations of rubbish which collect on them, and are occasionally dissipated, though imperfectly, by a palm-branch besom :—

One thing never seemed cleared away, however, and that was, the heap of old broken pitchers, sherds, and pots, that in these and similar houses are piled up in some corner ; and there is a curious observation to be made in connexion with this. A little before sunset, numbers of pigeons suddenly emerge from behind the pitchers and other rubbish, where they had been sleeping in the heat of the day, or pecking about to find food. They dart upwards and career through the air in large circles, their outspread wings catching the bright glow of the sun's slanting rays, so that they really resemble shining "yellow gold ;" then as they wheel round, and are seen against the light, they appear as if turned into molten silver, most of them being pure white, or else very light coloured. This may seem fanciful, but the effect of light in these regions is difficult to describe to those who have not seen it, and evening after evening we watched the circling flight of the doves, and always observed the same appearance. "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." (Ps. lxviii.)

Miss Whately got a hearing for the New Testament in Cairo, by the ingenious device of substituting it at the coffee-house evening recitals for *Antar* and *Abou Zeid*. It is customary for wealthy residents to send down gratuities to the professed story-tellers, and it is also customary for the donor to suggest a story or a ballad to be read or recited. It was in this way that the New Testament held its own at one of the coffee-houses during several months, with very slight interruptions.

It is not surprising that the Egyptian women, including several well-to-do people among the working classes, became sincerely attached to a European of so much energy, tact, and real kindness as they perceived in Miss Whately. Their regret at her departure was deep and genuine. Yet it may not unfairly be asked, whether an effort of this kind, totally unsupported by the slightest home-grown change in Moslim law or custom, is not more likely to unsettle the habits of a few than to confer any real benefit on the mass? We are well aware of the probable answer, that if an adequate number of workers would come forward, the many instead of the few might be practically reached, and that meantime the want of company must not deter individual attempts. It is useless to reply where the foundations of argument would scarcely be conceded ; and it is perhaps hardly to be regretted that the empire of rigid argument is not yet quite complete over benevolent effort. However these things may be, Miss Whately has written a very pleasant and interesting book, in description of a task deserving sincere and respectful attention.

JOSEPH AUTRAN.*

M. AUTRAN thinks it necessary, in publishing a volume of poems on "rural harmonies," to apologize for offering the public so little. He shelters himself under the doctrine of the "master of all poets of the time," and the example of Boileau, La Fontaine, and Lord Byron, who took care not to drench the public with their compositions, but to "serve their poetry in little cups." It is an odd fear for an author to express, that his readers may have too little of him ; and its oddness is not removed by the metaphor which is meant for a reason, that poetry is an essence, and a little will go a great way if it is good. He declines to discuss the alternative of its being bad. But M. Autran ought to have perceived that his apology implies the potency of the libations he offers us ; and his excuse goes for nothing, unless his verse is of that intoxicating strength that his "little cups" are as much as we could bear.

A writer shows himself very distinctly by this sort of preface. No man accustomed to write naturally would think it necessary to introduce the expression of his real feelings by a conceit which means nothing ; and unless a man can write naturally, he had better leave "rural harmonies" alone. He may be alive to them, but he will be wise not to trust himself to reproduce them. M. Autran wants naturalness—a want which is felt in greater writers of French poetry than he is ; but he also wants strength. A very great portion of even the best French poetry seems, at least to most English readers, but a refined kind of rhetoric. It wants the something which, in Greek, and English, and German, and

even in Latin, distinguishes poetry from the eloquence whose natural expression is prose. But, at any rate, it has strength. It has clear, forcible, connected thoughts and images. It avoids what is poor and feeble. As M. Autran's works have twice been crowned by the Academy, we suppose that he is thought, in France, to write French poetry with some success. But, whatever his merits may be, vigour is not among them.

His failures are, in some respects, characteristic of the poetical shortcomings of his countrymen generally. As long as he keeps himself to the more vague and large ways of treating his subject, he is often graceful, though it is a gracefulness which sometimes leaves us in doubt whether it is more than weakness. But when he attempts to build in details—the details of real life and real nature—into his poetical structure, the effect is pretty sure to be incongruous, and provocative of a smile. There is a conventionality, a persistent use of abstractions and personifications, in his ordinary way of expressing his poetical feelings ; so that the intrusion of a bit of familiar matter of fact jars with the general tone. Instead of suggesting some new strain of harmonious thought, it simply reminds us that we have dropped down from a region of artificial elevation of phrase and feeling to the region of prose and common-place, which the poet fails to invest with any new light or charm. The French yield to no nation in seizing the significance and interest of the realities of the world ; but their poets have not yet learned to make poetry the interpreter and glorified expression of them. M. Autran, who brings before us a shadowy, but not unpleasing, train of poetical images and sentiments as long as he confines himself to the narrow field of classical and academic usage, is in immediate danger of furnishing some signal illustration for the "Art of sinking in poetry" as soon as he ventures on the sights and objects which have, in fact, affected him, and which, in the hands of Wordsworth or Tennyson, would be made to yield up the poetry which was in them. Thus, in a composition on the opening of the spring, he confines himself to the simplest ideas and imagery connected with it ; and if there is not much power, there is feeling, and a certain sweetness of flow :—

LA CHANSON D'AVRIL.
Renais, renais ; ouvre et déploie
Ta robe de fleurs et d'air pur :
Tressaille d'amour et de joie,
O terre antique où me renvoie
Le Dieu qui règne dans l'azur.
Réveille-toi ! sur l'hiver sombre
Dormir cinq mois, c'est trop longtemps.
Chasse la pluie, écarte l'ombre,
Et mets au jour les biens sans nombre
Que tu recèles dans tes flancs.
Sous la lumière que j'épanchois
Reverdissiez, gazon et bois,
Frêne orgueilleux, saule qui penche ;
Et que le chêne et la pervenche
Tous deux revivent à la fois.

And so he goes on, with varying success, through the different calls of the spring. The points noticed are real, though very general ; but there is a kind of delicacy and lightness running through the composition. In the next poem, he describes the change from winter to spring ; and he ventures on a bit of imagery. He winds up a picture of a cloudy wintry day with the comparison—

La terre, inerte et froide en ses voiles de deuil,
Avait l'air d'une aïeule étendue au cercueil.

The image of "a grandmother in her coffin" is no doubt a melancholy one ; yet when forced upon us in this strictness of fact, as something which the earth "had the air of," it may be doubted whether it is as impressive as it is, perhaps, startling. It scarcely contributes to our feeling with greater force the dreariness already dilated upon, of the dull cold day. We believe the truth to be that some lines of Shelley* were running in his head ; but M. Autran has not learnt that the same image is a very different thing in different hands. Further on, he is struck with what is a very pretty rural picture—an elder child who has mounted up into a fruit tree, and is showering down cherries on her younger companions ; but he thinks it necessary to complete his description with a sketch of the mother looking on, and the particular point in her appearance which he singles out for admiration is a pink reflection of the parasol on her forehead :—

Non loin, sur le banc vert, immobile en sa pose,
La mère voit le groupe et reste l'admirant,
Et tandis que son cœur tout entier s'y repose,
L'ombrelle sur son front, asile transparent,
Jette un beau reflet rose.

In another poem he contrasts the oxen of Normandy and the goats of Provence, and the scenes with which each of them harmonize. Oxen and goats are poetical creatures ; but it seems to us that M. Autran's description of the Norman oxen is a curious blending of the precision of a stock catalogue and the extravagance of fanciful nonsense :—

La verte Normandie a sur ses promontoires
De grands bœufs accroupis sur leurs épais genoux,
Des bœufs au manteau blanc semé de taches noires,
Des bœufs aux flancs dorés, marqués de signes roux.

* As an earthquake rocks a corse,
In its coffin in the clay,
So white winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the death-cold year to-day ;
Solemn hours ! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

* Le Poème des Beaux Jours. Par Joseph Autran. Michel Lévy : 1862.

This sounds very like the notation of a Herdbook in its minute matter of fact; but the poet goes on to describe this attitude of repose, and inquires what these oxen are thinking about:—

Il révient en silence, et laissent les yeux vagabondes
D'un regard nonchalant se perdre à l'horizon.

The "nonchalance" of great oxen, chewing the cud, is no doubt true enough to nature; but M. Autran's imagination is not satisfied, and to his own curiosity he suggests the following singular answer, which even for a poet seems to us an over bold interpretation of the mind of oxen, however venerable:—

A quoi songent ainsi, dans leur calme attitude,
Ces anciens de la troupeau, semblables à des dieux ?
Est-ce au maître inconnu de cette solitude ?
Est-ce à l'immensité de la mer et des dieux ?

The goats of Provence are not spoken of as having any deep subject of contemplation from that inchoate natural theology which M. Autran presumes may engage the attention of the oxen of Normandy. But he has the following singular observation on the effect which the aromatic shrubs on which the goats browse have on their milk—an effect which, it strikes us, must be to the palate hardly equal to the charm which it seems to have to the imagination of the poet:—

La montagne au soleil, où croissent pèle-mêle
Cytise et romarin, lavande et serpolet,
Enfle de mille sucs leur bleuâtre mamelle ;
On boit sous ses parfums quand on boit de leur lait.

M. Autran's pictures, while they have a good deal that is modern in them, have not got out of the old pastoral style which pleased the fashionable society of the *grand siècle*. He describes a day at a country house, with an enchanting hostess. He tells us even how the day begins; he particularly informs us that the housemaids made no noise while dusting; and he notices the rustling of the mistress's crinoline as she comes down stairs:—

Le matin, la ville s'éveille de bonne heure,
Sans bruit, les serviteurs errant dans la demeure,
Vaquant aux premiers soins que réclame le jour.
Les seuls bruits du dehors animent ce séjour ;
Par l'escalier muet, l'hôtesse enfin descend ;
Au frôlement confus de sa jupe de gaze,
De loin je la devine et sens venir l'extase.

He is also particularly struck with the family prayers at nine o'clock in the evening, and gives a very proper account of them. All this is very modern; but when he goes out to walk with this delightful lady, and sees her tripping over the stepping-stones, and through the brushwood, and putting flowers in her hair, then his admiration takes a classical turn, and he begins inquiring whether this remarkable person, who discusses Rossini and Victor Hugo, and has family prayers, is not Diana or Daphne:—

Le classique rêveur, éperdu cette fois,
Pense voir face à face une nymphe des bois :
— Est-ce vous, ô Daphné, blonde enfant de la Grèce ?
Ou bien vous nommez-t-on Diane chasseresse ?
Ce rocher vaut le Pindé, et vous êtes la sœur
De ces êtres divins qu'adorent le chasseur !

We have mentioned that M. Autran is a reader of Shelley. In his last composition, *Les Funérailles de l'Année*, he quotes two lines from him. In point of fact, the composition is nothing but a free paraphrase of two of Shelley's pieces, *Autumn* and the *Dirge of the Year*. But we were hardly prepared for the liberty which M. Autran has taken with another more celebrated poem of Shelley's. M. Autran writes a piece which he calls "Gloria in Excelsis," in which he celebrates the song of the lark. The French public, probably, do not read Shelley; but for his own credit it would have been better if M. Autran had taken the precaution to say a word about Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark." The truth is, that though M. Autran has written his own ode in his own way, there is scarcely a line in it which can be called poetry, which is not borrowed from Shelley. As there is something singular in seeing Shelley in a French dress, we place side by side some of the stanzas:—

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourst thy full heart,
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Esprit de l'air, je te salut !
Je te salut, oiseau lointain,
Qui montes, comme une âme élue,
Dans la lumière du matin.

Je te salut, esprit sonore,
Virtuose inspiré des dieux,
Qui dans l'ivresse de l'aurore
Réponds ton cœur mélodieux.

Mais un oiseau qu'une prière
De la nature à son auteur.
Dans son ciel de pourpre et d'orange,
Le soir ta voix flotter encor.
Autour de toi l'azur s'efface,
La lumière même où tu cours.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight,
Thou art still unseen, but yet I hear
thy shrill delight.

De même s'éclipse une étoile
Dans la clarté du jour naissant
Sous le bleu rideau qui la voile,
On ne la voit pas, on la sent.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is
there.

Ainsi de toi, lyre éthéreo !
Souvent, à l'aube comme au soir,
Dans les hauteurs de l'empyrée
L'homme t'écoute, sans te voir.

What thou art we know not.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour,
With music sweet as love, which
overflows her bower.

Sound of vernal showers,
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy
music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What secret thoughts are thine,
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That painted forth a flow of rapture so
divine.

Chorus hymenæal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt —
A thing wherein we feel there is some
hidden want.

We do not mean to say that M. Autran has contributed nothing of his own. There is a strong and characteristic difference in the concluding stanza of each ode. Thus Shelley ends:—

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

M. Autran is too sober for such a wild burst of joyful extravagance. With sentimental and modest resignation, he bids the lark—

Va donc ; laisse-nous la tristesse,
Et garde à jamais ta gaîté,
Et sois l'éclatante allégresse
De chaque matin de l'été.

But we submit that no poet, even though he be a foreigner, has a right to improve upon, or to spoil Shelley, without giving some hint about what he is doing. Some explanation of this would be more to the purpose than M. Autran's apology for serving his poetry in small cups.

MATHER'S WONDERS OF THE INVISIBLE WORLD.*

IN looking back to the history of witchcraft, it is not the depth of popular ignorance and superstition which it discloses that moves our special wonder. Enlightened as the present age considers itself, incidents crop up from time to time which show how great an influence the powers of darkness still retain, and how imperfectly the boasted spread of knowledge has as yet displaced them. The optimist, who fondly imagines that human credulity and prejudice can never assume the gross forms of error prevalent in a former generation, may read his own refutation in the criminal annals of his own. It was only the other day that a midland farm labourer murdered his fellow-servant because she regarded him, as he supposed, with an evil eye. And, as if to prove that the same kind of stupid delusion may be found in the centres of intelligence as well as in remote corners of the country, it lately happened, in London itself, that a young man was tried for a brutal assault on an aged woman, his near relative, the only motive for which was that she had bewitched him. These are instances, and they might easily be multiplied, which show the force and vitality of popular superstition. Its area has contracted; it is no longer epidemic, but local and isolated, yet it exists still; and this reflection checks the surprise we might otherwise feel at the delusions which were once common among large masses of the people. What appears at the present day really astonishing is the attitude which the learned professions in former days adopted in presence of these phenomena, and the views formerly entertained about them by the enlightened minority. We measure our advance in civilization, not by the extinction of error or credulity in the minds of an ignorant peasantry, but by the alteration in the views entertained on the subject by the educated and enlightened classes. It is quite possible — nay, highly probable — that here and there, in the fens of Lincolnshire, a perfect match might be found at the present day for the stupidity and superstition that was rife in the seventeenth century. It is quite impossible that a Lord Chief Justice of the present day should use the language which Sir Matthew Hale is reported to have used at the trial of the Suffolk witches, or that learned and pious divines should imitate the example of the two Mathers.

This brings us to say a few words about the authors of the two treatises reprinted in the volume which we have under review. The Mathers, father and son, belonged to a distinguished family of puritanical ministers at Boston, in America, being lineal descendants of one of the Pilgrim Fathers. Both were distinguished for their learning and theological attainments—the elder Mather being, in 1685, elected President of Harvard College, while the younger was still more remarkable for his scholarship, and held an important post in the same institution. In the spring of 1692, an alarm of witchcraft was raised in the family of the Minister of Salem, in the colony of New England. Once started, the alarm spread rapidly,

* *Mather's Wonders of the Invisible World.* London : John Russell Smith. 1862.

and in a short time a great many persons were thrown into prison on very frivolous grounds. The Governor, Sir William Phipps, appears to have been carried away by the excitement, and authorized judicial prosecutions. Embarrassed by this extraordinary state of things, he proceeded to call in the assistance of the clergy of Boston, and this brought at once the two Mathers on the stage. As may be supposed, the panic was not allayed by the interference of two divines who had adopted all the most extreme notions of the puritanical party with regard to witchcraft. One execution followed another; nineteen persons, one of them himself a minister, whose principal crime was a disbelief in witchcraft, were hanged, and one who refused to plead was, in accordance with the old criminal law, pressed to death. To such a pitch did the excitement rise that two dogs accused of witchcraft were put to death. In all these scandalous proceedings the prime agent was Cotton Mather. The mania having run its course, a reaction took place, and Cotton Mather was called on by the Governor to employ his pen in justifying what had been done. The result of his labours was the book which constitutes the former part of this volume, *The Wonders of the Invisible World*. When Governor Phipps was recalled in the following year, the agitation had nearly subsided, and the people in general had become convinced of their error. Nothing, however, could induce the Mathers to admit that they had been mistaken. They persisted obstinately in the opinions they had published, although the sequel of events furnished a practical refutation of them. The people of Salem were filled with remorse for their conduct. The jurors who had taken part in the trials signed a paper expressing their repentance. What was still more conclusive, many of those who had confessed themselves witches, and had been instrumental in accusing others, retracted all they had said, and confessed they had acted under the influence of terror. The two Mathers alone resisted all conviction. We cannot but think that the editor of this volume lets them off somewhat too easily when he credits them with acting conscientiously. In rushing headlong into the van of a popular delusion, they may very possibly have believed themselves to be acting rightly; but in holding out against the almost universal repentance which ensued, they would seem to have been actuated by vanity more than any other motive.

As a *pièce justificative*, the work of Cotton Mather wholly fails to effect its object. It can hardly have carried conviction to one sensible man among his contemporaries; and read by the light which the progress of time has cast upon such a narrative, it appears at first little more than a tissue of unmeaning rhapsody. Yet there is method in the man's madness; and this it is which makes the book so curious. In a literary point of view, his language is quaint and often forcible. The flaming invectives against the Devil and his Antichristian Vicar, "the seven-headed beast on the seven-hilled city," are characteristic enough of the fierce Puritan bigot who penned them. But the most noteworthy feature of the book is the strange jumble of method and system with the outpourings of a raving Fifth Monarchy man. The author tries, in the first place, to show that there was an antecedent probability, both as to the time and place, of this visitation of witchcraft. The New-Englanders were a people "settled in those which were once the Devil's territories"—Indian, of course, being synonymous with Devil. Satan was naturally irritated by this displacement; but infinitely more by the virtue and piety of the settlers who had invaded his domain. It was a "rousing alarm" to the Devil when a great company of English Puritans came to erect evangelical churches in a corner of the world where he had reigned without control for many ages. Then, as to the time for this supreme effort of the arch-enemy. The overthrow of the Devil was to synchronize with the overthrow of his eldest son, the Papacy; and that Antichrist entered his last half-time, or the last 180 years of his reign, at the Reformation, in 1517. "By this computation," argues Mather, "we must needs be within a very few years of such a mortification to befall the See of Rome, as that Antichrist must quickly come to an end." Before his final defeat, he would put forth all his power, and witchcraft is one of the instruments he would naturally use for effecting his evil purposes. This is the sort of drivel with which Mather tries to account for the appearance of witches at Salem in the particular year 1692. The only ingenious part of it is the back-hander he manages to give the Pope, the state of whose fortunes he assumes as the index of Satan's reign. What would he not have charitably inferred from the present condition of the Papacy, and the mortification which has lately befallen it—a little too late, however, by 170 years, to make him a true prophet? So much by way of introduction. The reverend witchfinder then proceeds, after a very discursive fashion, to quote a great many authorities, and to draw a great many subtle distinctions between mere presumptions of witchcraft and grounds for conviction. The vulgar test of making a witch swim he scouts as fallacious. "The evidence in this crime," says the elder Mather, in his "Cases of Conscience," appended to this volume, "ought to be as clear as in any other crime of a capital nature;" and he goes on to argue against the pretended gift of immersibility ascribed to witches. His objection to what he calls "the vulgar probation" is not that through its application the innocent might perish, but that it is not to be safely relied on; "for that many a witch has sunk under the water." And so far from the Devil who is supposed to possess a witch, objecting to that element, the Gadarene hogs, which were drowned when the Devil was in them, is adduced as a direct instance to the contrary. The two solid grounds for convicting a witch are these—First, the

free and voluntary confession of the crime made by the accused after due examination; and, secondly, the testimony of two witnesses of good and honest report, avouching before the magistrate upon their own knowledge, either that the party accused hath made a league with the Devil, or hath done some known practice of witchcraft. It is worth while to turn from these canons to their practical application at the trials at Salem. The first and most remarkable case reported by Cotton Mather, is that of G. B., a man whom he holds in such horror that he gives no more than the initials of his name. The heads of evidence against him are three-fold. He was accused, first, by those he had bewitched; secondly, by several confessing witches; and, thirdly, by nine persons who imputed to him such feats of strength as no one could do without diabolical assistance. G. B. died utterly denying his guilt, and asserting loudly his disbelief altogether in witches. There could, therefore, be no pretence for convicting him on the ground of a free and voluntary confession. If properly convicted, it must have been on the sufficient testimony of credible witnesses speaking to acts of witchcraft on his part. Here is a fair specimen of one of the bewitched persons:—

One of them falling into a trance affirmed that G. B. had carried her into a very high mountain where he had shown her mighty and glorious kingdoms, and said, "He would give them all to her if she would write in his book; but she refused his motions, enduring of much misery for that refusal."

A great point is made in this and the succeeding cases of spectral representations. Some of the bewitched asserted that the ghosts of G. B.'s two wives had appeared to them, and said he had been the death of them, and this statement was gravely admitted as evidence against him on the charge of witchcraft. As for the evidence of confessing witches, it certainly ought to have been excluded on Mather's own showing; for such persons could scarcely claim to be witnesses "of good and honest report." As for the evidence of prodigious pranks or feats wrought by the accused, it is the crowning absurdity of the whole case. Being a puny man, he had often done things beyond the strength of a giant. He had taken up a gun, which a strong man could not steadily hold out with both hands, and held it out like a pistol at arm's length. He had made nothing of taking up whole barrels filled with molasses or cider, and carrying them out of a canoe to the shore. Lastly, he had made himself on one occasion invisible, the evidence of which fact was as follows:—

One Mr. Ruck, brother-in-law to this G. B., testified that G. B. himself and his sister, going out for two or three miles to gather strawberries, Ruck with his sister, the wife of G. B., rode home very softly, with G. B. on foot in their company, when he stepped aside into the bushes; whereupon they halted and hallooed for him. He not answering, they went homewards with a quickened pace, without expectation of seeing him for a considerable while; and yet, when they were got near home, to their astonishment they found him on foot with them, having a basket of strawberries.

It may well be asked what there was diabolical or supernatural for the clerical inquisitor to extract from this very simple occurrence, or from the further incident that, on thus rejoining them, "G. B. fell to chiding his wife, on the account of what she had been speaking to her brother of him on the road; which, when they wondered at, he said he knew their thoughts." Nothing could be more likely than that he had overheard, or made a correct guess at, the subject of his wife's conversation.

Upon such monstrous evidence as this, were innocent men and women hounded to an ignominious death by two professing Christian ministers. That they should lend their sanction, in a moment of general panic, to these violent proceedings, may admit of some excuse; but the attempt to justify them, *ex post facto*, is as impotent as it is unblushing, and only serves to place on record to what terrible lengths religious frenzy may drive a narrow and perverted intellect. It is painful to find a name so eminent as that of Sir Matthew Hale mixed up in so discreditable an affair. The trial of the Suffolk witches, slightly abridged from the *Reports of State Trials*, is introduced by Mather into the body of his work, with the significant comment that it was a trial much considered by the Judges of New England. It would be hard to find a more striking example of the wide-spread evil that may be caused by a want of moral courage. Had Hale been Jeffreys, his name could not have lent a moral support to a series of more barbarous judicial murders. He little imagined that his disregard of the reasonable objection of Mr. Serjeant Keeling, and his timidity in refusing to sum up the case to the jury at Bury St. Edmunds, would be triumphantly quoted for the worst purposes by a set of fierce zealots in an obscure town on the other side of the Atlantic.

THE CAFÉS AND CABARETS OF PARIS.*

THIS history of *Cafés* and *Cabarets* is a disappointing one. It abounds in uninteresting and commonplace details, which the author vainly endeavours to light up by that sort of fire and fancy which we may suppose were acquired by the German who was found jumping over the chairs and tables *pour se faire viré*. A wearied sense of monotony steals over us when we are introduced into one tavern or coffeehouse after another, and told to people them with the shades of former *habitues*, some of whom may have been, while the greater number clearly were not, the celebrities or notabilities of their day. The dedication to Count Joseph Bossi Federigotti, of Roveredo, begins thus:—

I had proposed to myself to attach your name to a book all fever and passion, which would have been for you the echo of things already heard, the

* Alfred Delvau—*Histoire Anecdote des Cafés et Cabarets de Paris*. Avec Dessins et Eaux-fortes de Gustave Courbet, Léopold Flameng et Félicien Rops.

mirror of things already seen ; a Parisian romance, eloquent and brutal as the truth ; in which I had put the *lambeaux* of my life, that is to say, my whole heart. This book has not appeared. This romance will not appear. I regret it a little on account of myself, and very much on account of you, whom it would have interested, I am sure — interested and agitated.

We do not know whether this regret is felt by Count Joseph Bossi Frederigotti of Roveredo. All we can say is that we do not share in it; for though M. Alfred Delvau is not badly qualified for the composition of a Parisian romance stuffed by way of seasoning with the shreds or rags of his life, the fever and passion intended for it have evidently been used up in the book before us, and we do not wish to be turned, like his friend, into the echo of things already heard, or the mirror of things already seen. He has also told, both in the *Avant D'Entre*, as he calls the preface, and the body of his work, quite as much as English (and probably French) readers will care to know about him. Egotistical writers, however, are often lively and entertaining; and if he would be content to write simply and naturally, he would write well. He has carefully studied his subject; he has brought together much traditional lore relating to it; and he rightly estimates its bearings on the domestic character of his countrymen :—

I shall not surprise you by saying that the *at home*, which is the characteristic of the English temperament, is completely unknown in France ; I mean in Paris, where one voluntarily takes to outer life. To live *at home*, think at home, eat and drink at home, love at home, suffer at home, die at home — we find that tiresome and inconvenient. We require publicity, the open light of day, the street, the cabaret, to exhibit ourselves in good or evil, to talk, to be happy, to satisfy all the wants of our vanity or our mind, to laugh or to weep ; we love to *pose*, to display ourselves, to have a public, a gallery, witnesses of our life. . . . The *café* life — as is remarked with contempt by the old maids who are condemned to *gynécée à perpétuité* — is led by all the world at Paris ; by the rich as well as the poor, by the artists as well as the artisans.

This is true of the present time; but it is not true of the past. A hundred years ago, the English lived as much in places of public entertainment as the French, although the difference of climate must always comparatively disincite us islanders towards out-of-door amusements. "We stopped," says Boswell, "at an excellent inn at Chapelhouse, where he (Johnson) expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having in any perfection the tavern life." The first of the Paris *restaurants*, *Champs D'Oiseau, Rue des Poules*, was opened in 1770; and one of the reasons given for the rapid multiplication in the *Almanach des Gourmands* is the rage for English fashions, "for the English, as is well known, almost always take their meals in taverns." The celebrity of the *pot au feu* is surely a token of domesticity. In clubs, which have nearly superseded taverns, we have also set the example to our neighbours; and the *café* itself did not become a popular or established institution at Paris till long after the London coffee-house had grown indissolubly associated with our social and literary history. A celebrated *mot* made for, but never written or spoken by, Madame de Sevigné — *Racine passera comme le café*, marks both the date of its introduction and its ill success. M. Delvau states that the attempt to naturalize it, in imitation of the East, was renewed in 1724, by the founder of the *Café Procope, rue de l'Ancienne Comédie*, and that it owed its fashion to its proximity to the theatre. He names amongst the frequenters, Voltaire, Destouches, Piron, J.-B. Rousseau, Saint Foix, Fontenelle, Crébillon, Diderot, &c. With these were mingled men of fashion and guardsmen, one of whom had a whimsical affair of honour with Saint Foix, who overheard him ordering a cup of *café au lait* and a roll for dinner."

"A cup of *café au lait* and a roll," murmured Saint Foix, "that is but a sorry dinner."

At first the guardsman did not hear, or did not choose to hear. Saint Foix, as often happens to absent people, repeated his phrase several times, each louder than the last. The guardsman got angry, and gave him a look as if to warn him to hold his tongue. "You will not prevent me," replied Saint Foix, "from thinking that a cup of coffee and a roll may make a sorry dinner. Yes (warning as he spoke), a cup of coffee and a roll do make a sorry dinner."

The guardsman, whose patience was exhausted, rose, and requested the favour of his company in the neighbouring tennis court. A duel with swords took place ; Saint Foix was wounded in the arm ; his adversary approached courteously ; when the incorrigible dramatist repeated, possibly in his own despite, — "Yes, Sir, I maintain that a cup of coffee and a roll do make a sorry dinner."

The combat was about to recommence, when two marshals came up and carried them both before the Duc de Noailles, Dean of the Marshals of France. The guardsman complained that he had been repeatedly insulted. "Monseigneur," interrupted Saint Foix, "I never meant to insult the gentleman ; I esteem him a man of honour and a brave soldier ; but your Grandeur will never prevent me from saying that a cup of coffee and a roll are but a sorry dinner." The Duke laughed ; Louis XIV. laughed ; everybody laughed ; and the affair ended there.

The table at which Voltaire was wont to take his coffee is still shown at this *café*. For more modern celebrities, *Le Café Desmarest* stands high. Royer Collard, Manuel, Benjamin Constant, and Martignac were in the habit of going there. It was founded by the brother of an actress of some note at the *Vaudeville*, who protested, saying, "I do not wish to be the sister of a man who sells hot water;" to which he retorted, "I do not wish to be the brother of a woman who goes upon the boards." To lighten the sisterly (or unsisterly) reproach, the Vicomte Leaumont went up to him one evening when the rooms were crowded, and held out his hand with — "Good evening, my dear schoolfellow." "Was it not something in this manner," asks M. Delvau, "that Brummel, the king of English dandyism, paid one of his creditors?" As Brummel was long reputed, though unjustly, to be the son of a footman, such an address might have lowered him without raising

the creditor. There is a story that Brummel, when reproached with behaving ill to the late Duke of Beaufort, replied, "I did my best for the young man ; I gave him my arm down St. James' Street."

As no one visits Paris without taking an ice at Tortoni's, there is hardly a European or cosmopolitan celebrity whose adventures might not, by stretch of ingenuity, or a forced transition, be connected with it. But there is one, at least, who cannot complain of being associated with its annals :—

Prince Talleyrand's principal attraction to it was Spolar, formerly member of the Bar of Rennes, reduced to be a professor of billiards, to whom Tortoni gave bed and board. The billiard-table was placed in one of the small rooms of the first floor, and the Prince of Benevento as well as Mortond, liked to pass there some hours, snatched by the one from politics and by the other from his love affairs. Talleyrand took such pleasure in seeing the *polo* play, he had such confidence in his skill, that he once invited him to his house, and introduced him to one of his friends, Receiver-General of the Department of Vosges, very strong in billiards and very proud of his strength. A bet was made ; a solemn match took place between Spolar and the Receiver, who lost forty thousand francs. You see that it is well to know how to play at billiards, and that it brings in more than knowing how to play with words. It would have taken Spolar forty years to gain those forty thousand francs by pleading.

We should like to know whether Talleyrand shared the winnings, and whether he told the Receiver-General beforehand who Spolar was ; whether, in short, the bet was "fishy," and a pre-deal for the more famous Reindeer wagers.

CONGREVE'S PLAYS.*

THE impression which Congreve's plays leave upon the mind is by no means pleasant. They lack that genial hearty spirit which redeems Farquhar's coarseness and profanity. While we cannot help liking Sir Harry Wildair and Captain Plume, there is nothing to mitigate the cold, hard villainy of Congreve's heroes. The women, being as bad as the men, are far more odious ; and his characters, in general, are the most abandoned reprobates that ever deformed the stage. The wit of Congreve is so intermingled with filth and ribaldry that the labour of extracting is hardly compensated by the pleasure it affords. Almost the only scenes that may be read with unalloyed satisfaction are those between Mirabell and Millamant, in his latest play, the *Way of the World*. Mirabell may deserve to be called a gentleman, and Millamant is the most charming compound of affectation and caprice that ever walked the stage. It is a pity that modern actresses who have grace and talent are debarred from playing a part in which success would be so certain and so great. The first we hear of her is, that "My fair cousin has some humours that would tempt the patience of a stoic." Mirabell tells us that she once used him with that insolence that, in revenge, he got all her failings by rote, in hopes to learn to hate her, but it would not do. When she first appears, a friend inquires why she comes so late. Millamant's maid, Mincing, reminds her that she stayed to read letters :—

Oh, ay, letters — I had letters — I am persecuted with letters — I hate letters. Nobody knows how to write letters, and yet one has 'em, one does not know why. They serve one to pin up one's hair.

Mincing explains that letters in prose do not serve even for this purpose ; "but when your laship pins it up with poetry, it sits so pleasant the next day as anything, and is so pure and so crips." Millamant remembers that Mirabell went away displeased the night before :—"Now I think on't I'm angry — no, now I think on't I'm pleased — for I believe I gave you some pain." Mirabell asks if that pleases her. "Infinitely. I love to give pain." He urges that her cruelty will destroy her lover, and then the power which beauty gives her will be lost, for beauty is the lover's gift. Millamant's answer has been often quoted :—

Oh, the vanity of these men ! If they did not command us, we were not handsome ! Now, you must know they could not command one if one was not handsome. Beauty the lover's gift ! Lord, what is a lover that it can give ? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases ; and then, if one pleases, one makes more.

After a little more witty, pleasant talk, the pair are left with no company except Mincing. He begs a private audience, as she had the tyranny to deny him the night before, although at leisure to entertain a herd of fools. He ventures on something like a lecture ; whereupon she thinks she must resolve, after all, not to have him :—

Well, I won't have you, Mirabell — I'm resolved — I think — you may go — Ha ! ha ! ha ! what would you give, that you could help loving me ?

He would give something that she did not know he could not help it. As he attempts to resume the lecture she interrupts :—

Sententious Mirabell ! — Prithee, don't look with that violent and inflexible wise face, like Solomon at the dividing of the child in an old tapestry hanging.

Presently she says she will be melancholy, for there is something very moving in a lovesick face :—

Well, Mirabell, if ever you will win me woo me now. Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well.

And she leaves him. Millamant lives at the house of her aunt, Lady Wishfort, who has also a nephew, Sir Wilfull Witwould, whom the aunt desires Millamant to marry. Sir Wilfull is a rough

* The Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar. With Biographical and Critical Notices. By Leigh Hunt. London : Routledge. 1860.

Salopian, who has not been in London since the Revolution. The scenes in which, in obedience to his aunt, he courts Millamant, are in happy contrast to those between her and Mirabell. The knight, always boorish and illiterate, is drunk before the day is over. The lady is elegant, accomplished, and fastidious to the last degree. Lady Wishfort's daughter brings this ill-assorted pair together and turns the key upon them. Sir Wilfull would gladly have been encouraged by a bottle or two, and besides, he has forgotten his gloves; but there is no escape for him. Millamant is repeating to herself aloud Sir John Suckling's poetry. Sir Wilfull, much bewildered at what he hears, ventures to say:—"Cousin, your servant." She asks him if he has any business with her, and he answers:—

Not at present, cousin. I make bold to see, to come and know if that how you were disposed to fetch a walk this evening, if so that I might not be troublesome, I would have sought a walk with you.

Millamant nauseates walking. 'Tis a country diversion. She loathes the country. Sir Wilfull thinks it likely she may prefer town, where there is choice of pastimes. She answers that she hates town too. After a few more awkward speeches by Sir Wilfull, she tells him that she has a little business, and shows him a door which is not locked. She had been informed just before that Mirabell wanted to see her, and had answered:—

Send him away—or send him hither—just as you will—I think I'll see him—shall I? Ay, let the wretch come.

Mirabell now enters, and this, which is the last encounter before Millamant surrenders, makes the best scene in all Congreve's Plays. He asks whether the artifice of the locked door signifies that here the chase must end. She answers:—

Vanity! No—I'll fly, and be followed to the last moment. Though I am on the very verge of matrimony, I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the gate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last; nay, and afterwards.

Mirabell urges that favours conferred on tedious solicitation are lessened in value. To this she answers:—

It may be in things of common application; but never sure in love? Oh, I hate a lover that can dare to think he draws a moment's air, independent on the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature as the saucy look of an assured man, confident of success. The pedantic arrogance of a very husband has not so pragmatical an air. Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

She laments the impending loss of her dear liberty, her faithful solitude, her darling contemplation:—

Ay-adieu—my morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, all ye ducours, ye sommeils du matin, adieu! I can't do it, 'tis more than impossible. Positively, Mirabell, I'll lie abed in a morning as long as I please.

She won't be called names after she's married—positively, she won't be called names; as wife, spouse, love, and the rest of that nauseous cant. They must not be familiar or fond, but very strange and well-bred. She will have liberty to pay and receive visits, and write and receive letters without questions or wry faces on his part, to wear what she pleases, to come to dinner when she pleases, to dine in her dressing-room when she pleases, to have her closet inviolate, to be sole empress of her tea-table, which he must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever she is, he shall always knock at the door before he comes in. "These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife." Mirabell asks leave to propose conditions on his part, and just as he concludes Millamant's cousin enters. She asks this cousin what she shall do—whether she shall have Mirabell. The answer is, "Have him, have him; for I am sure you have a mind to him." Millamant thinks she has:—

And the horrid man looks as if he thought so too. Well, you ridiculous thing, you, I'll have you. I won't be kissed, nor I won't be thanked—here, kiss my hand, though. So, hold your tongue, now, and don't say a word.

Mirabell must hurry away, for Lady Wishfort is coming with Sir Wilfull, and will be furious. When he is gone, Millamant says that if he should not make a good husband she is a lost thing, "for I find I love him violently." After a few minutes Sir Wilfull enters, well supplied with encouragement from the bottle, for he is drunk, and his aunt is scolding him. Does he think that his cousin will ever endure him? Sir Wilfull, however, is above false modesty by this time:—

Sheath an you grutch me your liquor, make a bill—Give me more drink, and take my purse.

Then he sings:—

He that whines for a lass
Is an ignorant ass;
For a bumper has not its fellow.

But if you would have me marry my cousin—say the word, and I'll do it. Wilfull will do it, that's the word.—Wilfull will do it, that's my crest—my motto I have forgot.

Then he sings another song, and proceeds by way of commentary upon it:—

The sun's an honest soaker. He has a cellar at your Antipodes. . . . Your Antipodes are a good rascally sort of topsy-turvy fellows. If I had a bumper, I'd stand upon my head and drink a health to 'em. A match or no match, cousin with the hard name?

Millamant can stay no longer. Sir Wilfull continues his drunken discourse, interspersed with songs, to his infuriated aunt, until one of his companions, who is less tipsy than he, takes him off to bed. It is unnecessary, and would be tedious and revolting, to unravel the intrigues which hinder the match between Millamant and Mirabell. Like the bulk of Congreve's writing, these

scenes bring before us men who are outrageous profligates and scoundrels, and women more wicked and detestable than the men. Finally, Sir Wilfull declares he has no mind to marry, and Lady Wishfort bids Mirabell take her niece. Millamant's last words are:—

Why does not the man take me? Would you have me give myself to you over again?

The least disagreeable of Congreve's Plays is *Love for Love*. When Valentine, the hero of it, says—

I never valued fortune, but as it was subservient to my pleasure, and my only pleasure was to please this lady—

we are surprised to find Congreve capable of conceiving such an unselfish form of love. At the opening of the play, Valentine is as deep in debt as he is in love. His father offers to advance a sum of money to pay his debts, on condition that he makes over his inheritance to his younger brother Ben, who is a sailor. Ben is expected home, and his father has provided a wife as well as a fortune for him. Presently Ben arrives, and his father tells him that he intends he shall marry. But Ben answers that he does not much stand towards matrimony. He loves to roam about from port to port, and from land to land; and a man that is married has, as it were, his feet in the bilboes. However, Ben is left to make his court to his intended wife, Miss Prue, whose youthful fancy has been captivated by a fine gentleman, Mr. Tattle, so that she is very ill disposed to receive the addresses of the rough sailor. Ben opens the conversation:—

Come, mistress, will you please to sit down? for an you stand astern a that'n we shall never grapple together.

Miss Prue tells him he need not sit so near her, for she is not deaf:—

Why, that's true, as you say; nor I ain't dumb. I'll heave off to please you. . . . Look you, forsooth, I am, as it were, bound for the land of matrimony. 'Tis a voyage, d'ye see, that was none of my seeking. I was commanded by father, and, if you like of it, mayhap I may steer into your harbour.

Miss Prue shows a coldness which Ben does not understand:—

For my part, d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above board. I'm not for keeping anything under hatches; so that, if you ben't as willing as I, say so a' God's name, there is no harm done.

She tells him bluntly that she does not like him nor love him at all:—

So there's your answer for you, and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing!

This plain speaking rouses Ben's anger:—

Look you, young woman, you may learn to give good words, however. I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and civil. As for your love or your liking, I don't value it of a rope's end. . . . But I tell you one thing, if you should give such language at sea, you'd have a cat-o'-nine-tails laid cross your shoulders. . . . Marry thee! 'ouns, I'll marry a Lapland witch as soon, and live on selling contrary winds and wrecked vessels.

Another lady, who is called Mrs. Frail, had spoken civilly to Ben at the time he was introduced to Miss Prue, and he now tells the latter that she is no more to compare to "t'other handsome young woman" than a can of small beer is to a bowl of punch. Mrs. Frail, indeed, has taken into her serious consideration Ben's prospect of getting his brother's estate, and is disposed to marry him herself. But Valentine pretends madness, so as to evade executing the desired deed, and hereupon Mrs. Frail resolves to send her lover to sea again. She chooses to quarrel with him because he had quarrelled with his father:—

You, that know not how to submit to a father, presume to have a sufficient stock of duty to undergo a wife? I should have been finely fobbed, indeed, very finely fobbed.

Ben answers that he is finely fobbed:—

What d'ye mean, after all your fair speeches, what, would you sheer off so? would you, and leave me aground? . . . I believe he that marries you will go to sea in a henpecked frigate. I believe that, young woman. . . . Mayhap, you may holla after me when I won't come to.

These are the last words of one of the most natural and amusing of Congreve's characters. We prefer Ben infinitely to Mr. Tattle and Mr. Scandal, whose wit, we think, has usually been overrated, and who certainly are, in all other respects, consummate scoundrels. Yet they are not quite so bad as the scoundrels of some other plays; and it must be allowed that, on the whole, *Love for Love* is a very lively piece to read, and it must have been a good acting play as long as it could be acted as it was written. The *Double Dealer* is mostly very tiresome and disgusting, but it contains some admirable scenes—as, for instance, that where Lady Froth reads her heroic poem to Mr. Brisk, who criticizes it. The four following lines of the poem have always appeared to us a delightful burlesque:—

For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say,
He shows his drunken, fiery face,
Just as the sun does, more or less.

The passage under criticism is an episode between Susan the dairymaid, and the coachman. The comparison to the sun is carried to the end of the day, when the coachman descends into the dairy:—

There he's secure from danger of a bilk,
His fare is paid him, and he sets in milk.

Mr. Brisk thinks this is incomparably well and proper; but, perhaps, *bilk* and *fare* are too like a hackney-coachman. Lady Froth answers that Jehu was a hackney-coachman before her

lord took him. Mr. Brisk pronounces this satisfactory, but he would put it in a note to prevent criticism. It is a pity that Congreve did not do more frequently what he has done here—write a good scene without indecency.

SLAVES OF THE RING.*

THE novels which are published every year, to encumber our Club tables for a month or two, and then pass away into "dusty death," are so many in number that it would be impossible, even if it were advisable, to notice them all. Among them, however, we occasionally stumble upon a story like the one before us, which, though not a good novel, or anything near a good novel, shows a certain power of mind, and tempts us to hope for something better hereafter. When this is the case, we feel inclined to place ourselves, as regards the author, in the attitude of George Primrose, by telling him to take more pains, and study the works, not of Pietro Perugino, but of Jane Austen—that is to say, if it be his object to achieve anything which can fairly be reckoned as literature. If, on the other hand, it should answer his immediate purpose to publish one worthless book after another, we do not know that we are called upon to interfere, except by requiring that he should content himself with dispensing trash, and not disseminate poison. There is nothing in these volumes, it is true, which offends us as less scrupulous novelists of the French school might do. But a book may be as free from sensual taint as Diana of the Ephesians, and yet be grossly immoral—a fact which, as this writer appears to err rather from want of thought than of set purpose, we recommend to his serious consideration. If he come before the public again, we trust that he will not endeavour to enlist our sympathies in behalf of so vile a blackguard as Nicholas Thirsk; and, further, that he will abstain, in the person of the moral friend and right-minded confidant, from listening at keyholes, on the simple ground that he is interested in the result of the conversation which he thus overhears. The most striking thing about the book is that, though the characters it describes are almost without exception odious or uninteresting, and the plot as dull as may be, it is yet just possible to read it through. The powers of narration which this indicates are enough, we think, if better applied, to produce something by-and-by which we can honestly praise. This, at present, except with large reservations, we regret that we cannot do.

It is time, however, to give our readers an idea of the novel and the persons therein described, and we proceed accordingly to do so, premising only that, though in speaking of the author we say "he," it is an Act-of-Parliament "he" to be understood by the aid of the familiar interpretation clause by which the male includes the female. The story opens at a small country inn, in the coffee-room of which is seated a young gentleman, just articled as a farm pupil to a certain Matthew Genny. His name is Alfred Neider, and he is the historian of the events which occur. Upon him suddenly bursts the hero, Mr. Nicholas Thirsk, a sort of Byronic bagman, or Mephistopheles in very small duodecimo. He contrives, however, to impress Mr. Neider—why it would be difficult to say—with a sort of pitying admiration. He also is going to the Follingay farm, Mr. Neider's destination, ostensibly for a similar purpose, but no experienced novel reader can be blinded to the fact that he is actuated by some more hidden motive. They reach the farm and are welcomed by its occupants. These are, first, Mr. Matthew Genny, who is individualized by speaking a provincial dialect, which, as far as we can judge, belongs to no province in particular, but is merely used to do duty for native shrewdness and vigour of mind; secondly, his niece, Miss Harriet Genny—to our taste, a most unattractive young shrew, but we need not add, the future Mrs. Neider; and, thirdly, a certain Mr. Gray, stupidest of mortals, who is devoted to a certain Mercy Ricksworth, another niece of the farmer's, but less enviably known as the only daughter of the local black-sheep, Nicholas Thirsk, who has been misunderstood all his life by an unsympathizing world—misunderstood by his own father, indeed, to such an extent that he has been turned out of doors—is in reality planning an elopement with Miss Agatha Freemantle, the sister of a neighbouring landowner whom, with or without reason, he hates bitterly. This lady has inspired him with a violent passion—for her fortune. By carrying her off he hopes to gratify his spite, and his greedy rapacity at the same time. As he pursues his object without the smallest consideration for Mr. Genny's family, or Mr. Genny's rules of domestic management, perplexities arise which are commented upon in the following natural and easy manner by the shrill niece of the farmer, in a discussion with the enamoured Neider:—"Everything is different; we honest farm folk are becoming gradually enwrapped in a halo of mystery. It is an oppressive atmosphere that tries one's temper. We did not know what mystery was till you and Mr. Thirsk came among us." Mr. Thirsk, however, has no mercy on Miss Genny's halo, but continues enwrapping her and everybody else till he is requested to leave the farm. He has gained his end, however, through the instrumentality of Mercy Ricksworth, reappears at Tramlingford Races, and carries off his bride in triumph. Poor Sir Richard Freemantle, the brother, is of course cut to the heart, on discovering that his sister, whom he fondly loves, has deceived him, and thrown herself away on a man of whom, with good reason, he thinks ill; but the mischief being irreparable, he tries hard to make the best of it. Accordingly, he

endeavours through Neider, Thirsk's confidant, to smooth the way to a reconciliation. The Byronic bagman, however, is divided between vulgar exultation at having secured a wife (for whom he does not care three straws), with sixty thousand pounds in prospect, and rancorous delight at being able to inflict pain upon his brother-in-law, so that all such attempts come to nothing. Between the cup and the lip, however, there is, as the proverb says, many a slip; and the breaking of a bank ruins the wife, just at the moment when she comes of age, and her amiable husband has summoned his friend and confidant to witness the consummation of his victory over Sir Richard Freemantle. This announcement is made to him in the middle of a ball. At the supper, he takes the opportunity of insulting his guests, and then settles down into venomous despair. In this condition of mind he rejects the advances of his wife's brother more bitterly than ever, for which he gives the following reason:—"I must have something to hate in this new mood of mine; it is only excitement which sustains me." He then adds: "Do you know what kind of work I am writing now? a smart story à la Crèveillon fils." In other words, it being in his power to re-establish his fortunes if he will forego his malice, he chooses rather to sell his pen to the enterprising publishers of Holywell Street. His wife, pining for sympathy, is tempted to send her child to Sir Richard Freemantle's house for change of air, whilst Thirsk is absent reporting for a newspaper—a pious fraud which is unfortunately detected in consequence of his unexpected return. These are his gentlemanlike observations thereupon:—"You woman with the baby's brain, you child with no common sense, who has marred my life, clogged all my efforts, cursed me by inaction, lack of sympathy, and moral force," &c. After this he allows, if he does not stimulate, Peter Ricksworth, the ruffian of the book, to form a plan for assassinating his brother-in-law. The murderer, however, by some blunder, kills his own daughter instead, injuring Thirsk's child at the same time. The danger of losing his boy is supposed to awaken his better feelings; and his friend Neider is finally called upon to witness the "dawn of a new life beginning for him and his wife." Harriet Genny in the meantime, though apparently not insensible to Neider's love, has become the other slave of the ring. This she does by marrying her cousin Robert Genny, in fulfilment of an old promise. The said cousin is described as a clever literary man; but unfortunately he inherits the manners of those authors whom Macaulay somewhere introduces us to as "roaring for fresh punch at five o'clock in the morning." Cartropes cannot keep him from delirium tremens. This, however, is rather a blessing than otherwise, inasmuch as it enables Mr. Neider, after the usual allowance of wretchedness, and a *quantum suffic*it of sentimental declamations, to marry the widow. Stupid Mr. Gray is obliged to put up with the consolations of friendship, and is supposed to continue a permanent bachelor in memory of Mercy Ricksworth.

So much for the skeleton of the story, in which Mr. Neider, Mr. Gray, Mr. Genny, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Genny, Sir Richard Freemantle, *cum multis aliis*, literally do nothing but talk. Mr. Robert Genny, we beg his pardon for the omission, also gets drunk. The only agents in the book are Thirsk, Ricksworth, the ruffianly brother-in-law of Farmer Genny, and his daughter, Mercy Ricksworth, the humble friend of Miss Agatha Freemantle. Even Thirsk's exertions, though made the most of, are apparently limited to the poisoning of a dog, and the ordering of a post-chaise. This amount of incident, though the pace quickens a little towards the end, when Ricksworth undertakes to murder Sir Richard Freemantle, can hardly be supposed, even by the author, as a sufficient foundation on which to uprear a three volume novel. It is, therefore, we presume, as a development of English character, and a vehicle for witty and appropriate conversation, that the work claims our attention. It is not wholly without an approach to merit in some of these respects. The Ricksworth group, in which is comprised the brutal father hardening himself more and more against the acrid invectives of his intolerably self-righteous wife, and the warm-hearted, impetuous daughter, oppressed with shame at her position, and yet loving the rugged vagabond whose only redeeming quality is a passionate affection for her, is, we think, well conceived. Still better, in our opinion, is the preservation of a family likeness between Matthew Genny and his ultra-pious sister, Mrs. Ricksworth. The manner in which a harsh self-conceit, the basis of both characters, crops out, as the phrase is, through all the superficial differences with which opposite careers, opposite fortunes, and opposite estimates of life have overlaid it, shows that the writer has an eye which may be trained to more delicate habits of perception and analysis than it has yet formed. With regard to the conversations, they remind us of a story we once heard, in which the deaf and dumb member of a very silent family was described as its most agreeable ingredient, because, argued her friendly critic, "at least she tries to talk." So the writer of this book has filled its pages with dialogue, and intended to make his *dramatis personae* show their inner natures by what they say. In this laudable object, however, he is unsuccessful, not so much from dearth of natural ability, as from having failed to appreciate the greatness of the task.

The masters of the high art of dialogue shape and polish, and adjust every phrase, as the lapidary polishes and fits his marble or jasper slabs into the interstices of a costly table. This writer, like too many others, contented himself with tossing observations about in handfuls as you fling barley to chickens—so that even when he does well, it is a happy accident, for the recurrence of which we have no guarantee whatsoever. Let him rest assured

* *Slaves of the Ring; or, Before and After.* By the author of "Grandmother's Money," "Under the Spell," &c. 3 vols. Hurst & Blackett, 1862.

that real hard work, in the shape of thought and anxious watchfulness, is indispensable to any one who wishes to acquire this rare excellence. As a preliminary discipline, before he fires a shot at the public again, let him read the best novels of Miss Austen six or seven times over. In them he will find that, though the conversation moves as lightly and easily as in an ordinary drawing-room, no single expression escapes any one person which does not seem to embody, as it flies, some shade of the speaker's character, always consistent with its original conception, or, if it does not do that, it helps to develop the plot. Above all, let him shun, like the plague, that mousy declamation which he so often substitutes for the genuine voice of life. We give our readers an example of this taken at random. "Neither, I have been sitting on a rock awaiting the sunshine. Well has it come. The clouds are crimson with fair augury of its advent; wish me joy," &c. &c. We have no doubt that the whole of the passage to which we refer was very easy to write, and so of a hundred other passages. They fill a page just as full as the same number of words would do taken from *Persuasion* or *Mansfield Park*; but, nevertheless, they are sad trash, and their producer is quite clever enough to know that they are sad trash. There is an old story of some rival playwright, jeering at Euripides, who had taken three days to compose five lines, whilst he had dashed off five hundred in the same time. "Yes," was the retort, "but your five hundred lines in three days will be dead and forgotten, whilst my five will live for ever." The author of *Slaves of the Ring* would do well to meditate on the moral of this little fable, instead of envying the rapid progress of Robert Genny's pen over the paper, and wondering what he could be writing about, for his thoughts to flow so easily.—(Vol. 2, p. 129.) For thoughts to flow easily they must overflow from a full mind. Alonzo Cano, the Spanish sculptor, completed a beautiful statue in twenty-five days; but when the sordid noble by whom he was employed wished to pay him by the day, he broke out— "Wretch! I have been at work twenty-five years, learning to make this statue in twenty-five days." So great painters may finish off great pictures with wonderful speed, as if hurried along by a whirlwind of inspiration; so also great writers, like Sir Walter Scott (though even in his case with very doubtful advantage), may be able to dictate works of enduring interest, and give them to the world without revising or retouching them at all; but the reason in all these cases is the same. Long years of study, and practice, and meditation, have so arranged and fitted, and, as it were, lubricated the delicate mental instruments which the matter in hand requires, that when the motive power is applied, when the steam is up, they work with the precision and regularity of a machine. This is not the case, we are sorry to say, with the author of *Slaves of the Ring*, who has simply written a very dull novel, in a very slipshod and careless manner. There is a continual bustle of preparation behind the scenes which comes to nothing. We are always on the tiptoe of expectation, and always disappointed. Moreover, we find ourselves from first to last in the society of people who are either hopelessly insipid, or worse. If our memory does not deceive us, *Grandmother's Money* had something original about it, and gave a promise of talent which this latter production by no means fulfils. The fact is, that the first literary effort of a clever young man, besides being tinged with the glow of early hope and pleasurable excitement, has an accumulated stock of thoughts and feelings to work upon. This, however, in most cases, is soon exhausted; and the writer finds, perhaps, that he has acquired a certain facility of expression just at the time when he has little or nothing to express. This is the turning-point of his career. He must either devote his whole energy to high objects, and labour to rise as an artist, or he will sink into a hock. There is still sufficient ability lurking in the holes and corners of this book to make us look forward with regret to such a termination of the author's career; and it is on this account mainly that we have taken the trouble to review his book, which in itself is hardly worth commenting upon. We cannot, however, take leave of him without again returning to the character of Nicholas Thirsk. A great criminal like Eugene Aram, torn by contending passions, may be a very good hero; but a low, rapacious blackguard, without one redeeming quality, is a most singular and unhappy choice. It is all very well for him to excuse himself by throwing all the responsibility of his faults upon the shoulders of a cruel father. We would not believe him upon his oath, and have no doubt that Thirsk, senior, was worth ten of him. As to his theatrical reformation at the fag-end of the book, we have yet to learn that the bitter selfishness of a thoroughly bad heart—fed, as in his case, by a savage temper, and an inveterate want of principle—can be permanently charmed away by any such momentary impression as is made to act upon him. On the contrary, we are quite satisfied that, within three months from the day of his ostentatious repentance, he was as great a scoundrel as ever.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

The Saturday Review.

[November 22, 1862.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, Sole Lessees. Immense success of Wallace and Planche's New Opera, LOVE'S TRIUMPH, which will be performed on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. On Wednesday, November 26, SATANELLA; on Friday, 29th, an OPERA. Commence at Eight. Box Office open from 10 till 12. No Charge for Booking.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—H. Joachim's Last Apartments and Two, on MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 24, when Beethovens celebrated Septet for wind and strung instruments will be performed. Executants, MM. Joachim, Lindsey Sloper, Platti, Lazarus, C. Harper, L. Ries, H. Webb, Hutchins, and Severn. Vocalists, Miss Roden and Mr. Santley. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofas, 5s.; balcony, 8s.; admission, 1s.

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INVITATIONS TO EVENING PARTIES and the SEA-SIDE will be issued by Mr. EDMUND YATES, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, early in December. Mr. HAROLD POWER will be one of the party.

MAMMA and the GIRLS.

MR. JOHN LEECH'S GALLERY of SKETCHES in OIL, from Subjects in "PUNCH," with several new Pictures not hitherto exhibited, is open every day, from Ten till Dusk, illuminated with gas, at the Auction Mart, near the Bank. Admission, One Shilling.

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WINTER EXHIBITION, 120 Pall Mall.—The Tenth Annual Winter Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures by living British Artists is now open daily from 9.30 A.M. to 5 P.M. Admission One Shilling. Catalogue 6d.

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW (removed from Baker Street), will be held at the AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON, On Monday, December 8, Admission 5s.

Tuesday,	"	9.	"	1s.
Wednesday,	"	10.	"	1s.
Thursday,	"	11.	"	1s.
Friday,	"	12.	"	1s.
Carriage Entrance				Pentonville Hill.
Western Entrance				Liverpool Road.
Eastern Entrance				Islington Green.

Excursion Trains at International Exhibition fares will run on the London and North-Western Railways, Great Western, and Great Eastern Lines. The line, where the admission will be 5s., has been added to the usual four days for the benefit of the many Ladies and Gentlemen who object to a crowd.

COMPARATIVE GRAMMAR.—The Introductory LECTURE by TH. HEWITT KEY, M.A., F.R.S., at University College, on Monday, November 24, at Four P.M. precisely, will be open to the public. The subject will be "The Errors imported into the Sciences by the German School, and a superiority for linguistic inquiry asserted in the Latin, Greek, and other European Languages, including English, as against Sanskrit."

The Course consists of Twenty Lectures, to be given on successive Mondays from Four to a Quarter-past Five P.M. Fee 2*l.*

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KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—The PROFESSORSHIP of CLASSICAL LITERATURE will be vacant at Easter next, and the Council are now ready to receive applications from Gentlemen desirous of offering themselves as Candidates.

For particulars apply to J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Secretary.

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The School will open in the First Week in February, 1863.

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The Examination will begin on January 28, at 11 o'clock.

THE Rev. C. R. CONYBEARE, late Student and Tutor of Christ Church, intends Starting for ITALY and ROME at the beginning of January, and will return to England in May. He is willing to take One or Two Pupils with him, who might, if it were so wished, continue to Read with him on his Return Home.—Itchin Stoke Rectory, near Alresford, Hants.

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November 22, 1862.]

The Saturday Review.

TUTOR for COLLEGE. — A Clergyman, M.A., late Fellow of his College, and Examiner in the Schools, Oxford, who receives in his Vicarage, easily reached from London, Two Young Men to be provided for at the University, has a Vacancy for one. He offers references to the Friends of his former Pupils (more than Twenty of whom have taken their Degrees), as well as to a large Body of Clergymen and Scholars in Oxford, Cambridge, and London. Address, Rev. S. S. Meares, Davis & Son, Law Booksellers, 57 Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.

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6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls	0 10 0	0 13 6	0 15 0	0 15 0
2 Saucer Ladies	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 9 0	0 9 0
1 Gravy Ladles	0 4 0	0 6 0	0 7 0	0 10 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls	0 4 0	0 4 0	0 5 0	0 5 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl	0 1 8	0 2 3	0 2 6	0 3 0
1 Pair of Sugar Tonge	0 2 6	0 3 6	0 4 0	0 4 0
1 Pair of Fish Carvers	0 4 0	0 7 6	1 12 0	1 12 0
1 Butter Knife	0 2 0	0 2 0	0 2 0	0 2 0
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November 22, 1862.]

The Saturday Review.

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The Erie Railway	:	:	:	:	:	:	"	62
The New York Central	:	:	:	:	:	:	"	93
The Pennsylvania Central	:	:	:	:	:	:	"	52
The Lake Shore	:	:	:	:	:	:	"	48
The Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton	:	:	:	:	:	:	"	

The Receipts of the ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN are already £20 per Mile Weekly, and will no doubt reach the average rate of the old Lines. The interest on all its 1st Mortgage Bonds will be covered by net receipts of £6 per Mile Weekly.

As provision for Interest and Sinking Fund, the Directors undertake to pay over to Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co., Bankers, of New York, to be remitted to the Trustees, in London, the first nett receipts of the Railway until a sufficient amount is accumulated for each half-yearly payment; and for the same purpose of security for both Dividend and Sinking Fund, the Directors have also entered into an engagement to pay to Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co., direct, the subsidy from the Erie Railway on the gross receipts from freight and passengers brought from the ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

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The Saturday Review.

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